

From the Westminster Review.

The Birds of Jamaica. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE; assisted by RICHARD HILL, Esq., of Spanish Town. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row, 1847.

In a former number of this Review we ventured to express our gratification that the repulsive aspect long presented by Natural History, in consequence of its time-honored array of "hard names and crabbed systems," is gradually but surely yielding to the conviction that scientific truths need not necessarily be concealed behind the mystic veil of so-called scientific language. For a long series of years, those who wished to learn something more of the habits and properties of natural objects than their own opportunities for observation could supply, without the trouble of wading through the dry technicalities which met them at the very outset of their inquiries, were fain to content themselves with what they could glean from compilations, too often "got up," for sale, by parties who knew nothing or next to nothing of the subjects they were writing on; but, fortunately, a better state of affairs has lately been developed; and we now see men of science, whose attainments do honor to themselves and to their country, cheerfully imparting their knowledge, and imparting it too in such a manner as to attract rather than to repel the less favored votaries of science—those who, with every wish to acquire information, have neither the opportunity nor the leisure to prosecute their inquiries beyond the acquisition of a general knowledge of a given subject, but who, nevertheless, desire that the information they are able to obtain should be accurate, so far as it goes. To this end, the beautiful series of works on the Natural History of the British Isles, published by Mr. Van Voorst, has conducted in an eminent degree. Written by men who are thoroughly acquainted with their subject, and illustrated in the first style of pictorial embellishment, these works, by the popular manner in which the different branches of Natural History are treated, and by the accuracy and beauty of their illustrations, have perhaps done more to awaken and extend a love for natural history pursuits than any others which have ever issued from the press; and we would fain hope that the volume, relating to another part of the world, the title of which we have given above, is only the forerunner of others of a similar nature, which we are sure the reading public will fully appreciate as they deserve.

Those who have already made acquaintance with the author of the "Canadian Naturalist," will rejoice at again meeting him, and that upon new ground. His "Birds of Jamaica" is a most delightful book, which no admirer of White, Wilson, Bonaparte, or Waterton, can possibly do without; since, in its charming bird-biographies, it is a worthy associate of the imperishable works of those eminent naturalists. Like them, Mr. Gosse has studied nature; he has made himself familiar with her varied moods; and while, in his "Canadian Naturalist,"—

"Rocks, trees, and stones he notes,
Birds, insects, beasts, and other rural things,"

and faithfully describes their appearances as affected by the changing seasons of a northern clime; in his "Birds of Jamaica" he confines himself to a single phase of animal life, but that a lovely one, as observed during a residence in one of our tropical possessions.

The number of birds described in the work before us is 128, including 21 species apparently new to science. In his descriptions of these birds, Mr. Gosse has judiciously kept in view the wishes of two distinct classes of readers, to both of whom must the present work prove most acceptable. The one class delights only in such dry details as the number and disposition of the teeth of a quadruped; the number of rays supporting the fins of a fish; the length of the bill or of the tarsi of a bird; or the disposition of colors on the gorgeous wing of a butterfly: for these, anecdotes serving to elucidate the habits and mode of life of the members of the animal kingdom, possess, comparatively, but few attractions. The other class, again, decries such mere structural details, and content themselves with studying the habits of animals; and we scarcely need say that the latter class is by far the most numerous. For the use of the first-named class of readers, Mr. Gosse has given ample details of the structure and admeasurement of parts, in the form of foot-notes; while, for the second and more comprehensive class, the text presents a series of striking and life-like sketches of the habits of the birds described in his volume.

Naturalists, like authors, are an irritable race; and a most amusing book might be written on the subject of their quarrels. These quarrels are not at all times confined within the bounds of courtesy: the inquiry whether a fossil jaw-bone belonged to a monkey, an opossum, or a lizard; the opinion as to the antennae of an insect being organs of hearing or of feeling; and the questions of the priority of discovery or the specific identity or distinctness of a plant; have occasionally elicited as many discreditable manifestations of angry feeling as were ever exhibited by the disputants upon a doubtful quantity in Homer, or the intent and meaning of the few remaining mutilated letters of some old-world inscription, which, like Mr. Pickwick's memorable discovery at Cobham, have, more than once, set together by the ears the whole world of letters. A lengthened controversy of this kind was carried on some years back with regard to the sense by which the vulture is enabled to distinguish its prey, while soaring at a great height in the air; one party contending that this was effected solely by sight, the other as pertinaciously affirming that smell alone was the faculty brought into action. The following quotation, from information furnished to Mr. Gosse by his friend, Mr. Hill, a resident in Jamaica, shows that both the contending parties were in the wrong,—since it is evident that the object of their contention makes use of both nose and eyes when seeking food.

"A poor German immigrant, who lived alone in a detached cottage in this town, rose from his bed, after a two days' confinement by fever, to purchase in the market some fresh meat for a little soup. Before he could do more than prepare the several

ingredients of herbs and roots, and put his meat in water for the preparation of his pottage, the paroxysm of fever had returned, and he laid himself on his bed, exhausted. Two days elapsed in this state of helplessness and inanition, by which time the mass of meat and potherbs had putrefied. The stench becoming very perceptible in the neighborhood, vulture after vulture, as they sailed past, were observed always to descend to the cottage of the German, and to sweep round as if they had tracked some putrid carcass, but failed to find exactly where it was. This led the neighbors to apprehend that the poor man lay dead in his cottage, as no one had seen him for the two days last past. His door was broken open; he was found in a state of helpless feebleness; but the room was most insufferably offensive from something putrefying, which could not immediately be found; for the fever having deprived the German of his wits, he had no recollection of his uncooked mess of meat and herbs. No one imagining that the kitchen pot could contain anything offensive, search was made everywhere but in the right place. At last, the pot-lid was lifted, and the cause of the insupportable stench discovered in the corrupted soup-meat.

"Here we have the sense of smelling directing the vultures, without any assistance from the sense of sight, and discovering unerringly the locality of the putrid animal matter, when even the neighbors were at fault in their patient search.

"Some few days succeeding this occurrence, after a night and morning of heavy rain, in which our streets had been inundated to the depth of a foot, and flood after flood had been sweeping to the river the drainage of the whole town, a piece of recent offal had been brought down from some of the yards where an animal had been slaughtered, and lodged in the street. A vulture, beating about in search of food, dashed in a slanting direction from a considerable height, and, just resting, without closing his wings, snatched up the fresh piece of flesh and carried it off.

"Here was the sense of sight unassisted by that of smelling, for the meat was too recent to communicate any taint to the morning air, and the vulture stooped to it from a very far distance.

"On another occasion, very near to the time when these facts attracted my notice, a dead rat had been thrown out, early in the morning, into the street, having been caught in the previous night. Two vultures sailing over head in quest of a morning meal descended at the same time, stooping to the dead rat, the one from the south the other from the north, and both seized the object of attraction at the same moment.

"Here again was the vision, unaided by the sensitiveness of the nostrils, directing two birds, with the same appetite, at the same moment, to the same object.

"For the next example I am indebted to the records of a police court. A clerk in the engineer department at Up-park Camp, brought before the magistrates of St. Andrew's, on the 20th of January, 1840, a man who had been beset in the night by the dogs of the barracks. The poultry yard had been repeatedly robbed; and this person was supposed to have been prowling after the roost-fowls at the time the dogs rose upon him. This case had been heard, and the man committed to the house of correction, when a complaint was presented against another man, whom Major G., also of the camp, had detected under similar circumstances, and lodged in the guard house. Two days after his detection,

the major observed some carrion vultures hovering about a spot in the fields, and on sending to see what was the matter, a Kilmarnock cap, containing a dead fowl, and some eggs, tied up in a pair of old trousers, was found very near the spot where the prisoner was caught. This discovery, by the aid of the vultures, confirming the suspicion against the prisoner, he was condemned.

"The last instance that I shall relate is one in which the senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling were all exercised, but not under the influence of the usual appetite for carrion food, but where the object was a living, though wounded animal.

"A person in the neighborhood of the town, having his pastures much trespassed on by vagrant hogs, resorted to his gun to rid himself of the annoyance. A pig, which had been mortally wounded and had run squeaking and trailing his blood through the grass, had not gone far before it fell in the agonies of death. At the moment the animal was perceived to be unable to rise, three vultures, at the same instant, descended upon it, attracted no doubt by the cries of the dying pig, and by the scent of its reeking blood; and while it was yet struggling for life, began to tear open its wounds, and devour it."—p. 2.

The minute details relating to structure, previously spoken of, form an essential portion of natural science; but such details only afford a means to enable the naturalist to attain a higher end, and they can never compensate for the absence of what may be termed the private history of an animal, derived from a personal acquaintance with its habits, and such an intimate knowledge of its manners of life as can only be gained by a residence in the scenes frequented by the objects of our study. The importance of observation, in correcting erroneous inferences drawn from mere structural peculiarities, is well illustrated by an extract, which shows that even the great Cuvier was sometimes at fault, when trusting too implicitly to theoretical considerations.

"The statement of Cuvier, that 'the proportions of the *Nyctibius* completely disqualify it from rising from a level surface,' I saw disproved; for notwithstanding the shortness of the tarsi, (and it is, indeed, extreme,) my bird repeatedly alighted on, and rose from, the floor, without effort. When resting on the floor, the wings were usually spread; when perching, they about reached the tip of the tail. If I may judge of the habits of the Potoo from what little I have observed of it when at liberty, and from the manners of my captive specimen, I presume that, notwithstanding the powerful wings, it flies but little; but that, sitting on some post of observation, it watches there till some crepuscular beetle wings by, on which it sallies out, and having captured it with its cavernous and viscid mouth, returns immediately to its station. Mr. Swainson appears to consider that the stiff bristles, with which many *Caprimulgidae* are armed, have a manifest relation to the size and power of their prey, beetles and large moths, while these appendages are not needed in the swallows, their prey consisting of 'little soft insects.'—(*Class. Birds.*) But here is a species whose prey is the hardest and most rigid beetles, of large size, and often set with formidable horns, which has no true rictal bristles at all!"—p. 45.

The next illustration is very interesting, confirmatory as it is of a conjecture, the result of observation, hazarded by one who modestly styled himself a mere "out-door naturalist."

"White's conjecture of the purpose to which the serrated toe of the Nightjar is applied, namely, the

better holding of the prey which it takes with its foot while flying, would have been more than rendered highly probable by an inspection of the foot of the *Nyctibius*. The inner front toe and the back toe are spread out by the great extension of the enveloping flesh of the phalanges, to such a breadth as to give the foot the character and form of a hand; while the movement of these prehensile organs is so adjusted that the back toe and the three front toes, pressed flat against one another, can enclose anything as effectually as the palms of the hands. The [claw of the] middle toe, which is serrated in the *Caprimulgus*, is simply dilated in the *Nyctibius*, a peculiarity also of the swallows. Whatever deficiency of prehension this may give it, when compared to the power of the serrated nail of the *Caprimulgus*, is amply compensated for in the *Nyctibius* by the palm-like character of the foot, by the extraordinary expansion of the toes, and by the quantity of membrane connecting them together. All this would be a mere waste of power if it did not perform some function like that which White assigned to the foot of the Nightjar."—p. 48.

Mr. Gosse gives a pleasing account of the manner of nidification of a beautiful little swallow, described as a new species under the name of Palm-swift, (*Tachornis phainicobia*), which builds its nest in the large sheath enveloping the organs of fructification in the cocoa-nut palm.

"I observed several small swallows flying above some cocoa-nut palms; they uttered, as they flew, a continued twittering warble, shrill but sweet, which attracted my attention. I commenced a careful search with my eye of the under surface of the fronds and spadices of one, and at length discerned some masses of cotton projecting from some of the spathes, which I concluded to be their nests. This conjecture proved correct; for presently I discovered a bird clinging to one of these masses, which I shot, and found to be this white-rumped swift. On my lad's attempt to climb the tree, eight or ten birds flew in succession from various parts, where they had been concealed before. The tree, however, was too smooth to be climbed, and as we watched beneath for the birds to return, one and another came, but charily, and entered their respective nests. Although several other cocoanuts were close by, I could not discern that any one of them was tenanted but this, and this so numerous, whence I inferred the social disposition of the bird. At some distance we found another tree, at the foot of which lay the dried fronds, spadices, and spathes, which had been, in the course of growth, thrown off, and in these were many nests. They were formed chiefly in the hollow spathes, and were placed in a series of three or four in a spathe, one above another, and agglutinated together but with a kind of gallery along the side communicating with each. The material seemed only feathers and silk-cotton (the down of the Bombax;) the former very largely used, the most downy placed within, the cotton principally without; the whole felted closely, and cemented together by some slimy fluid, now dry, probably the saliva. With this they were glued to the spathe, and that so strongly, that in tearing one out it brought away the integument of the spathe. The walls of the nest, though for the most part only about a quarter of an inch thick, were felted so strongly as to be tenacious almost as cloth. Some were placed within those spathes that yet contained the spadices; and in this case the various footstalks of the fruit were enclosed in a large mass of the materials, the walls being greatly thick-

ened. All the nests were evidently old ones, for the Bombax had not yet perfected its cotton; and hence I infer that these birds continue from year to year to occupy the same nests, until they are thrown off by the growth of the tree. The entrance to the nests, which were sub-globular, was near the bottom"—p. 60.

Two months later, the same birds were observed in another locality, where, perhaps from the absence of the cocoa-nut palm, they were constructing their nests on a quite different plan, illustrating the facility with which the habits of animals are occasionally modified so as to adapt them to the varied circumstances in which they may be placed.

"Near the middle of May, my servant Sam, being engaged at Culloden, in Westmoreland parish, cutting the fronds of the palmetto (*Chamaerops*) for thatching, found these little birds nesting in abundance, and procured for me many nests of the present season. Their recent construction, and perhaps the diversity of their situation—for instead of the hollow of a spathe these were attached to the plaited surface of the fronds—gave them a different appearance from the former specimens. Many of these I have now in my possession. They have a singularly hairy appearance, being composed almost exclusively of the flax-like cotton of the Bombax, and when separated, are not unlike a doll's wig. They are in the form of those watch-fobs which are hung at beds' heads, the backs being firmly glued by saliva to the under surface of the fronds, the impressions of the plaits of which are conspicuous on the nests when separated. The thickness is slight in the upper part, but in the lower it is much increased, the depth of the cup descending very little below the opening. The cotton is cemented firmly together as in the case of the others, but externally it is allowed to hang in filamentous locks, having a woolly, but not altogether a ragged, appearance. A few feathers are intermixed, but only singly, and not in any part specially. One specimen is double, two nests having been constructed so close side by side, that there is but a partition wall between them. Many nests had eggs, but in throwing down the fronds all were broken but one, which I now have. It is pure white, unspotted, large at one end, measuring thirteen twentieths of an inch by nine twentieths. The average dimensions of the nests were about 5 inches high, and 3 1-2 wide."—p. 62.

A very common bird in Jamaica, the Green Tody, (*Todus viridis*), has received the name of Robin red-breast, from his crimson velvet gorget; he is a general favorite. This bird is easily domesticated, and the manners of one, kept for a short time by the author, are thus described:—

"One captured with a net in April, on being turned into a room, began immediately to catch flies and other minute insects that flitted about, particularly little destructive Tineæ that infested my dried birds. At this employment he continued incessantly, and most successfully, all that evening, and all the next day from earliest dawn till dusk. He would sit on the edge of the tables, on the lines, on shelves, or on the floor, ever glancing about, now and then flitting up into the air, when the snap of his beak announced a capture, and he returned to some station to eat it. He would peep into the lowest and darkest corners, even under the tables, for the little globose, long-legged spiders, which he would drag from their webs and swallow. He sought these also about the ceiling and walls, and found very many. I have said that he contin-

used at this employment all day without intermission, and, though I took no account, I judged that, on an average, he made a capture per minute. We may thus form some idea of the immense number of insects destroyed by these and similar birds; bearing in mind that this was in a room, where the human eye scarcely recognized a dozen insects altogether; and that in the free air insects would doubtless be much more numerous. Water in a basin was in the room, but I did not see him drink, though occasionally he perched on the brim; and when I inserted his beak into the water, he would not drink. Though so actively engaged in his own occupation, he cared nothing for the presence of man; he sometimes alighted voluntarily on our heads, shoulders, or fingers; and when sitting would permit me at any time to put my hand over him and take him up; though when in the hand he would struggle to get out. He seemed likely to thrive, but incautiously settling in front of a dove-cage, a surly baldpate poked his head through the wires, and with his beak aimed a cruel blow at the pretty green head of the unoffending and unsuspecting Tody. He appeared not to mind it at first, but did not again fly, and about an hour afterward, on my taking him into my hand, and throwing him up, he could only flutter to the ground, and on laying him on the table, he stretched out his little feet, shivered, and died."—p. 74.

Nothing can be more spirited than the author's accounts of the lovely humming-birds, known to the majority of English naturalists only from descriptions and figures, or at most from the preserved specimens met with in cabinets, or, as ornaments, carefully guarded from dust under glasses. Such figures and specimens, however well executed or well prepared, cannot possibly afford more than a very faint idea of the ever-changing beauty and splendor of these winged gems, which Mr. Gosse introduces to us in all their living loveliness; painting, as vividly as words can paint, their domestic habits, their wars—for, lovely as they are, these tiny fellows are much more pugnacious than even our own jealous and quarrelsome Robin red-breast—their mode of building, and, unfortunately for all his attempts at domestication, what may be termed their death-bed scenes also. For so impatient of confinement are the humming-birds, that none of those which he captured and kept under the most favorable circumstances, survived longer than a few days.

The following extract relates to "the gem of Jamaican ornithology," the long-tailed humming-bird, (*Trochilus Polytmus*)

"While I lingered in the romantic place, picking up some of the land shells which were scattered among the rocks, suddenly I heard the whirr of a humming-bird, and, looking up, saw a female *Polytmus* hovering opposite the nest, with a mass of silk cotton in her beak. Deterred by the sight of me, she presently retired to a twig, a few paces distant, on which she sat. I immediately sunk down among the rocks as quietly as possible, and remained perfectly still. In a few seconds she came again, and after hovering a moment, disappeared behind one of the projections, whence in a few seconds she emerged again, and flew off. I then examined the place, and found to my delight a new nest, in all respects like the old one, but unfinished, affixed to another twig not a yard from it. I again sat down among the stones in front, where I could see the nest, not concealing myself, but remaining motionless, waiting for the *petite*

bird's reappearance. I had not to wait long: a loud whirr, and there she was, suspended in the air before her nest: she soon espied me, and came within a foot of my eyes, hovering just in front of my face. I remained still, however, when I heard the whirring of another just above me, perhaps the male, but I durst not look towards him lest the turning of my head should frighten the female. In a minute or two the other was gone, and she alighted again on the twig, where she sat some little time preening her feathers, and apparently clearing her mouth from the cotton fibres, for she now and then swiftly projected the tongue an inch and a half from the beak, continuing the same curve as that of the beak. When she arose it was to perform a very interesting action; for she flew to the face of the rock, which was thickly clothed with soft dry moss, and hovering on the wing, as if before a flower, began to pluck the moss, until she had a large bunch of it in her beak; then I saw her fly to the nest, and having seated herself in it, proceeded to place the new material, pressing, and arranging, and interweaving the whole with her beak, while she fashioned the cup-like form of the interior by the pressure of her white breast, moving round and round as she sat. My presence appeared to be no hindrance to her proceedings, though only a few feet distant; at length she left again, and I left the place also. On the 8th of April I visited the cave again, and found the nest perfected, and containing two eggs, which were not hatched on the 1st of May, on which day I sent Sam to endeavor to secure both dam and nest. He found her sitting, and had no difficulty in capturing her, and, with the nest and its contents, he carefully brought down to me. I transferred it, having broken one egg by accident, to a cage, and put in the bird; she was mopeish, however, and quite neglected the nest, as she did also some flowers which I inserted; sitting moodily on a perch. The next morning she was dead."—p. 103.

The author was particularly anxious to bring alive to England some of these "radiant creatures;" and though his earliest endeavors to keep them alive for any length of time, even if they survived their capture, proved entirely fruitless, yet his attempts were valuable, as giving him a fuller insight into the manners of the humming-birds than, perhaps, he would otherwise have obtained. The following account, though long, is exceedingly interesting.

"At my first attempt, in the spring of 1845, I transferred such as I succeeded in bringing alive, to cages immediately on their arrival at the house, and though they did not beat themselves, they soon sunk under the confinement. Suddenly they would fall to the floor of the cage, and lie motionless with closed eyes; if taken into the hand, they would perhaps seem to revive for a few moments; then throw back the pretty head, or toss it to and fro, as if in great suffering, expand the wings, open the eyes, slightly puff up the feathers of the breast, and die, usually without any convulsive struggle. This was the fate of my first attempts.

"In the autumn, however, they began to be numerous again upon the mountain, and having, on the 13th of November, captured two young males, sucking the pretty pink flowers of *Urena lobata*, I brought them home in a covered basket. The tail feathers of the one were undeveloped, those of the other half their full length. I did not cage them, but turned them out into the open room, in which the daily work of preparing specimens was carried on, having first secured the doors and windows

They were lively but not wild; playful towards each other, and tame with respect to myself, sitting unrestrained for several seconds at a time on my finger. I collected a few flowers and placed them in a vase on a high shelf, and to these they resorted immediately. But I soon found that they paid attention to none but *Asclepias curassavica*, and slightly to a large *Ipomea*. On this I again went out, and gathered a large bunch of *Asclepias*, and was pleased to observe, that, on the moment of my entering the room, one flew to the nosegay and sucked while I held it in my hand. The other soon followed, and then both these lovely creatures were buzzing together within an inch of my face, probing the flowers so eagerly as to allow their bodies to be touched without alarm. These flowers being placed in another glass, they visited each bouquet in turn, now and then flying after each other playfully through the room, or alighting on various objects. Though occasionally they flew against the window, they did not flutter and beat themselves at it, but seemed well content with their parole. As they flew, I repeatedly heard them snap the beak, at which times they doubtless caught minute flies. After some time, one of them suddenly sunk down in one corner, and on being taken up seemed dying: it had perhaps struck itself in flying. It lingered awhile, and died. The other continued his vivacity; perceiving that he had exhausted the flowers, I prepared a tube, made of the barrel of a goose-quill, which I inserted into the cork of a bottle, to secure its steadiness and upright position, and filled with juice of sugar-cane. I then took a large *Ipomea*, and having cut off the bottom, I slipped the flower over the tube, so that the quill took the place of the nectary of the flower. The bird flew to it in a moment, clung to the bottle rim, and bringing his beak perpendicular, thrust it into the tube. It was at once evident that the repast was agreeable, for he continued pumping for several seconds, and on his flying off I found the quill emptied. As he had torn off the flower in his eagerness for more, and even followed the fragments of the corolla, as they lay on the table, to search them, I refilled the quill and put a blossom of the Marvel of Peru into it, so that the flower expanded over the top. The little toper found it again, and after drinking freely, withdrew his beak, but the blossom was adhering to it as a sheath. This incumbrance he presently got rid of, and then (which was most interesting to me) he returned immediately, and inserting his beak into the bare quill, finished the contents. It was amusing to see the odd position of his head and body as he clung to the bottle with his beak inserted perpendicularly into the cork. Several times in the course of the evening he had recourse to his new fountain, which was as often replenished for him, and at length, about sunset, betook himself to a line stretched across the room for repose. He slept, as they all do, with the head not behind the wing, but slightly drawn back upon the shoulders, and in figure reminded me of Mr. Gould's beautiful plate of *Trogon resplendens*, in miniature. In the morning I found him active before sunrise, already having visited his quill of syrup, which he emptied a second time. After some hours, he flew through a door which I had incautiously left open, and darting through the window of the next room, escaped, to my no small chagrin."

—p. 113.

Notwithstanding their minuteness, however, the humming-bird seems to possess some spirit; for, under the head of the Green Bittern, Mr. Gosse says:—

"The flight of all the herons is flagging and laborious. I have been amused to see a humming-bird chasing a heron; the minuteness and arrowy swiftness of the one contrasting strangely with the expanse of wing and unwieldy motion of the other. The little aggressor appears to restrain his powers in order to annoy his adversary, dodging around him and pecking at him, like one of the small frigates of Drake or Frobisher peppering one of the unwieldy galleons of the ill-fated Armada."—p. 342.

The mocking-bird is one of the commonest birds in Jamaica, and his reputed power of imitating the voices of other birds, as described by Wilson and other writers, is amply confirmed by Mr. Gosse, who says he has often been disappointed, when, after creeping to a spot whence he supposed the voice of some new bird to issue, he has found the sound to proceed from the familiar mocking-bird.

"It is in the stillness of the night, when, like his European namesake, (the nightingale,) he delights

'With wakeful melody to cheer

The livelong hours,'

that the song of this bird is heard to advantage. Sometimes, when, desirous of watching the first flight of *Urania sloanus*, I have ascended the mountains before break of day, I have been charmed by the rich gushes and bursts of melody proceeding from this most sweet songster, as he stood on tip-toe on the topmost twig of some sour-sop or orange tree, in the rays of the bright moonlight. Now he is answered by another, and now another joins the chorus from the trees around, till the woods and savannas are ringing with the delightful sounds of exquisite and innocent joy. Nor is the season of song confined, as in many birds, to that period when courtship and incubation call forth the affections and sympathies of the sexes towards each other. The mocking-bird is vocal at all seasons; and it is probably owing to his permanency of song, as well as to his incomparable variety, that the savannas and lowland groves of Jamaica are almost always alive with melody, though our singing birds are so few."—p. 145.

An interesting account of the manners of this sweet songster, when the young have made their appearance, is contained in the following passage:—

"When young are in possession, their presence is no secret; for an unpleasant sound, half hissing, half whistling, is all day long issuing from their unfledged throats; delightful efforts, I dare say, to the fond parents. At this time the old birds are watchful and courageous. If an intruding boy or naturalist approaches their family, they hop from twig to twig, looking on with outstretched neck, in mute but evident solicitude; but any winged visitant, though ever so unconscious of evil intent, and though ever so large, is driven away with fearless pertinacity. The saucy Ani and Tinkling instantly yield the sacred neighborhood, the brave mocking-bird pursuing a group of three or four, even to several hundred yards' distance; and even the John-crow, if he sail near the tree, is instantly attacked and driven from the scene. But the hogs are the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evenings; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange trees, to wait for a lucky windfall. The mocking-bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins to peck the hog with all his might: Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased

with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it; the poor bird gets into an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but only increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give up the effort in despair."—p. 147.

Mr. Gosse observed the Tinkling Grackle, or Barbadoes blackbird, feeding her young with the produce of a kind office performed to the grazing cattle. This, he says, "is one of the first birds which a stranger notices: his conspicuous size and glossy plumage—his familiar, business-like manners—and his very peculiar, metallic cry—at once attract attention."

"Like the Ani, the Tinkling feeds on the parasites of cattle. Walking among them, and mounting on their backs, they pick off the ticks that so sadly infest the poor beasts, who, as if appreciating the service, offer not the slightest molestation to their kind friends. I one day observed a Tinkling thus engaged in feeding her offspring. It was in the picturesque pasture of Peter's Vale, where kine were numerous. Beneath the grateful shade of a spreading mango, in the heat of the day, a cow was peacefully ruminating; at her feet was the old Tinkling, walking round, and looking up at her with an intelligent eye. Presently, she espied a tick upon the cow's belly, and, leaping up, seized it in her beak; then marching to her sable offspring, who stood looking on a few yards off, she proceeded to deliver the savory morsel into the throat of her son, who had gaped to the utmost stretch of his throat in eager expectation, even before his mother was near him. This done, she returned, and, again walking round, scrutinized the animal's body, but, discovering nothing more, flew up on the cow's back, and commenced an investigation there. Just at this moment something alarmed her, and both mother and son flew to a distant tree. It was at the same time, and in the same pasture, that I observed a number of these birds collected in a large bastard cedar, that overhung a shallow pool, to which one and another were continually descending, and bathing with great apparent enjoyment; after which each flew to a sunny part of the tree, and fluttered and ruffled its plumage, that it might dry smoothly and evenly."—p. 219.

The evening parties of these birds returning to their roosting places, upon some cocoa-nut palms, must have been an amusing sight.

"The taking of places was attended with much squabbling; the alighting of each new comer on a frond causing it to swing, so as greatly to discompose the sitters already in possession, and throw them off their balance; and hence each was received by his fellows with open beaks and raised wings, to prevent his landing. Still, many thrust themselves in among others, pecking right and left in self-defence. The highest horizontal fronds were most in demand, and many of these had, at the close, as many as ten or twelve birds each, sitting side by side in a sable row. When once the birds had left the cotton tree, and selected their places on the palms, they did not return; but places were shifted continually. During the whole time their singular voices were in full cry, and could be heard at a great distance; some idea may be formed of the effect of the whole by imagining two or three hundred small table bells, of varying tones, to be rung at the same time. By half an hour after sunset, the arrivals had pretty well ceased, and most of the birds were quietly settled for the night. I visited them on one or two subse-

quent evenings, but found no material difference in their proceedings."—p. 223.

An interesting memorandum upon the manners of the Blue Quit at the building season, is communicated by Mr. Hill.

"February 5th, 1838.—Near the piazza of my house a cotton-bush has flung out its knots of white filaments. Hither come the birds at this season, to gather materials for constructing their nests. The blue sparrow, a pretty little frugivorous bird, that sings in our fruit-trees all the year round its merry twittering song, has been busily engaged with his mate collecting bills-full of cotton. It did not seem to be a thing immediately settled that they should set to work and gather their materials at once. They had alighted on the tree as if they had very unexpectedly found what they were seeking. The male began to twitter a song of joy, dancing and jumping about, and the female intermingling every now and then a chirp, frisked from stem to stem, and did very little more than surrey the riches of the tree; at least she plucked now and then a bill-full of the filaments, and spreading it to flaunt to the wind tossed it away, as if she had been merely showing that it every way answered the purpose in length and softness, and was in every respect the thing they wanted. At each of these displays of the kind and quality of the materials, the male intermingled his twittering song with a hoarse succession of notes, which were always the same, *chu, chu, chu, chu, chevit*, to which the female chirped two or three times in succession, then grasping another bill-full of cotton, tossed it away as before, and obtained from the male the same notes of attention and approval. At last they set to work in earnest, gathered a load of the materials drawn out as loosely as they could get it, and filling their bills, started away to the tree, wherever it was, in which they had determined to build their nest."—p. 241.

Under the head of the Yellow-faced Grass-quit, Mr. Gosse gives us this charming picture of scenery in Jamaica:—

"Immediately behind the homestead of Bluefields, a lane confined for a mile or two between dry-stone walls, leads to the road, which winds in a zig-zag line to the top of the Bluefields ridge. This lane possesses many attractions:—by the wall on each side grow trees, which afford grateful shade, and many of them load the evening air with dewy fragrance. Orange-trees, profusely planted, give out, in spring, gushes of odor from their waxen blossoms, and in autumn tempt the eye with their golden fruitage. The Pride of China, lovely in its graceful leaves and spikes of lilac blossoms, and not less sweet-scented than the orange—the pimento, dense and glossy, with another, but not inferior, character of beauty—are varied by the less showy, but still valuable, cedar and guazuma. The various species of *Echites* trail their slender stems and open their brilliant flowers along the top of the wall, and the pretty *Banisteria* displays its singular yellow blossoms, or scarlet berries at its foot, while, near the top of the lane, tangled and matted masses of the night-blowing *Cereus* depend from the trees, or sprawl over the walls, expanding their magnificent, sun-like flowers, only to the 'noon of night.' Here and there huge black nests of *Termites* look like barrels built into the walls, whose loose stones, gray with exposure, and discolored with many-tinted lichens, afford a sombre relief to the numerous large-leaved *Arums* that climb and cluster above them. To the left the

mountain towers, dark and frowning; the view on the right is bounded by a row of little rounded hills, studded with trees and clumps of pimento. But between the traveller and either, extend the fields of guinea-grass, which are enclosed by these boundary walls. In the autumn, when the grass is grown tall, and the panicles of seed waving in the wind give it a hoary surface, the little Grass-quits, both of this and the following species, throng hither in numerous flocks, and perching in rows on the slender stalks, weigh them down, while they rifle them of the farinaceous seeds."—p. 249.

Some of the parrots seem to prefer saving themselves trouble, when they can manage it, by selecting localities for their nests previously partially prepared for their use. The yellow-bellied species makes choice of the large earthy nests of a species of Termites; the yellow-billed and the black-billed build in holes in lofty trees, a hollow bread-nut being often chosen, "and often the capacious and comfortable cavity chiselled out by the woodpecker." The yellow-bellied bird is not, however, always secure in its citadel, as will be seen from the following rather amusing anecdote:—

"But the precaution of the poor bird in selecting a locality, and her perseverance in burrowing into so solid a structure, are not sufficient to ensure her safety or that of her young. The aperture by which she herself enters and departs, affords also a ready entrance to a subtle and voracious enemy, the yellow boa. A young friend of mine once observing a parrot enter into a hole in a large duck-ant's nest, situated on a bastard cedar, mounted to take her eggs or young. Arrived at the place, he cautiously inserted his hand, which presently came in contact with something smooth and soft. He guessed it might be the callow young; but hesitating to trust it, he descended, and proceeded to cut a stick, keeping his eye on the orifice, from which the old bird had not yet flown. Having again mounted, he thrust in the stick, and forced off the whole upper part of the structure, disclosing, to his utter discomfiture and terror, an enormous yellow snake, about whose jaws the feathers of the swallowed parrot were still adhering, while more of her plumage scattered in the nest revealed her unhappy fate. The serpent instantly darted down the tree, and the astonished youth, certainly not less terrified, also descended with precipitation, and ran, as if for life, from the scene."—p. 264.

Among the drawbacks to the pleasure of studying nature in Jamaica, as well as in many other equally rich localities, are the mosquitoes. Under the Ring-tailed Pigeon is given a sketch of the mountain haunts frequented by that bird, to which, as well as to the naturalist, the mosquitoes seem to be a terrible annoyance. This gives occasion to mention an instance of a species of knowledge acquired by the bird, which, however, in enabling him to escape one danger, subjects him to a greater.

"It is the presence of these most annoying insects [the mosquitoes] which affords an opportunity of obtaining the highly-prized ring-tail. This bird appears to suffer more from their stings than others, or else its superior sagacity has taught it a resource of which others are ignorant or unwilling to avail themselves. It is aware that these little insect pests cannot abide smoke; and wherever the blue clouds curl gracefully through the tall trees from the woodman's fire, the ring-tail is said to resort thither, if within the neighborhood, and solace itself with a temporary suspension of insect assaults. But, alas! it is only to expose itself to a more fatal

peril, for the negro sportsmen have marked the habit, and fail not to take advantage of it. Whenever they have noticed the birds feeding on the berries of any particular tree, they take an early opportunity of kindling a fire beneath it, near which they conceal themselves, so as to watch the tree. The birds begin to arrive, and are shot down by the fowler one after another—the repeated flashes and reports, and the falls of their companions, driving the survivors away for a few moments only from the attractive spot, to which they again and again return, till the gunner's ambition is satisfied."—p. 292.

The stratagems made use of by our common plovers to draw away attention from their nests are well known; a mode of escaping observation, similar to that recorded by White of the young curlews, was exhibited by a Kildeer Plover kept by Mr. Gosse.

"One which was shot, and wounded in the wing, I introduced to the doves, in a large packing-case, the front of which was removed and replaced by gauze. Immediately on being put in it began vigorously charging at the gauze, as if it had no idea of any impediment there, running backward a little way, and then dashing at it; and this without an instant's intermission, now and then leaping up, and uttering its wild cry. For a few minutes its impetuous motions seemed to stupefy all the doves, who gazed in astonishment; but presently a young bald-pate, who occupied one of the front corners, a very cross and surly fellow, began to peck and beat the little plover, driving him about the cage without mercy. I had been struck, at the first entry of the bird, with its remarkable height, owing to the length of the tarsi, and the upright, bold attitude in which it stood. At length, to escape the persecutions of the bald-pate, it suddenly squatted down in one of the back corners, bringing the tarsi flat on the ground, and the tibie on them, so that I was now struck with its flatness and closeness to the ground; and I saw how it is, that we so often hear their cry very near, when we can see no trace of them, and often suddenly lose sight of them when watching them running. I feel assured, that this squatting is the bird's natural resource for concealment; for on being alarmed suddenly, its first impulse is to bend partially the heel, bringing the body nearer the ground; if the danger appear to increase, it brings the tarsi flat, the tibie still being inclined; the body seems now in contact with the ground; but a greater terror brings it still lower, so that it really appears as if half sunk in the earth; and now no advance of the danger affects it, if there be no opening to run; it lies quite passive; its resource is exhausted.

"My captive lay thus unmoved for a while, though the restless pea-doves, in running from side to side, walked over it, trampling it under foot at every turn. When it did get up, however, and came to the front, it was again instantly assaulted by the bald-pate, who struck it with his wing, and seized its beak with his own, and pinched it. Pitying it under these inflictions, I took it out, and allowed it to run about the room. Its actions now became quite entertaining; it ran backward and forward with surprising fleetness, but not being used to the smoothness of board, though the floor was not at all polished, and wanting the support of the back toe, its speed was continually causing it to slip, the feet sliding forward, so as to bring the bird down upon its tail. Now and then it would stop, and make repeated efforts to jump over the skirting-board, which being black, and the wall white, I sup-

pose it mistook the latter for empty space. While doing this, it ever and anon emitted its loud pipe, with startling shrillness. Having run into a corner, it allowed me to take it up in my hand without fluttering. When it stood, it jerked its head up and down. It was exceedingly active, when not lying close for concealment it was not still a moment; besides the flitting of the head and tail, a tremulous motion pervaded the body, so that it seemed to be shivering. When about to take a single step, this was manifested in an odd manner, the foot touching the ground three or four times before it was put down. When it had become more at home, it devoured earth-worms greedily, and would pick minute shells and *Entomostraca* from a saucer of water, in which was a root of water-cress. In the cage, it delighted to stand in its water saucer, but when loose, the saucer being placed in one corner, it would run rapidly in and out, now and then stopping to pick up the contents."—p. 331.

Mr. Gosse's account of the graceful Sultana, walking upon the water-weeds, is particularly interesting, and reminds us of some of the Egyptian illustrations we have somewhere seen.

"I was struck with the remarkable elegance of one that I saw by the road-side, about midway between Savanna-le-Mar and Bluefields. It was at one of those pieces of dark water called blue-holes, reputed to be unfathomable. The surface was covered with the leaves and tangled stems of various water-plants, and on these the sultana was walking, supported by its breadth of foot, so that the leaves on which it trod sank only an inch or two, notwithstanding that the bird, according to its usual manner, moved with great deliberation, frequently standing still, and looking leisurely on either side. As it walked over to where the water was less encumbered, it became more immersed, until it seemed to be swimming, yet even then, from the motion of its legs, it was evidently walking, either on the bottom, or on the yielding plants. At the margin of the pool it stood some time, in a dark nook overhung by bushes, where its green and purple hues were finely thrown out by the dark back-ground. I could not help thinking what a beautiful addition it would make to an ornamental water in an English park; and the more so, because its confiding tameness allows of approach sufficiently near to admire its brilliancy. Nor are its motions void of elegance, the constant jerking of its pied tail is perhaps rather singular than admirable, but the bridling of its curved and lengthened neck, and the lifting of its feet are certainly graceful."—p. 378.

Another instance in which a great systematist was at fault is given under the Roseate Stilt. Cuvier states that "walking is painful to this bird," which, as Mr. Gosse remarks, "is as contrary to fact as to reason." One example seen by the author "was walking in the shallow firmly enough; and even when shot in one leg, so as to break it, 't stood for some time on the other in a firm, erect attitude, the broken limb being held up and dangling." Wilson's strange statement that the leg-bones of this bird "are as limber as a leathern thong, and that they can be bent up without being broken," is corrected both by Mr. Hill and the author. It was seldom, we believe, that Wilson committed such blunders; and we cannot help suspecting some undetected error of transcription or of the press connected with the "Birds of America."

Mr. Gosse gives a spirited description of the habits of the pelican, in the following extract:—

"It is a pleasant sight to see a flock of pelicans fishing. A dozen or more are flying, on heavy,

flagging wing, over the sea, the long neck doubled on the back, so that the beak seems to protrude from the breast. Suddenly, a little ruffling of the water arrests their attention; and, with wings half closed, down each plunges with a resounding plash, and in an instant emerges to the surface with a fish. The beak is held aloft, a snap or two is made, the huge pouch is seen for a moment distended, then collapses as before; and heavily the bird rises to wing, and again beats over the surface with its fellows. It is worthy of observation that the pelican invariably performs a somerset under the surface; for descending, as he always does, diagonally, not perpendicularly, the head emerges looking in the opposite direction to that in which it was looking before. When the morning appetite is sated, they sit calmly on the heaving surface, looking much like a miniature fleet.

"In the evening, as I have stated, we see them pursuing their laborious course to repose. Standing at the door of Bluefields, which, from a slight elevation, commands a wide prospect of the beautiful bay, I have often watched in the evening, while the sun, sinking among his gilded piles and peaks of cloud on the horizon-sea, leaves the air refreshingly cool and balmy, while the dying sea-breeze scarcely avails to break the glassy reflection of the surface—the straggling flocks of pelicans, from a dozen to forty or fifty, passing slowly along over the shore. On such occasions, they manifest a decided tendency to form long continuous strings, like ducks. When the flocks are beating for fish, or sailing round and round on the watch, there is no such arrangement, but all circle in a confusion equal to that of the planets of the Ptolemaic system. Yet at any time of the day, in taking a lengthened flight, whether shifting their locality, or slowly sweeping over the sea, they usually take a lineal order.

"In flying thus in lines, I have been struck with the unity which they manifest in their motions: the flight is performed by alternate intervals of heavy flappings, and sailing on outstretched, motionless wing; and the resumption or suspension of the one or the other state is regulated by the leading bird of the line. For example, the first begins to flap; in an instant the second begins, then the third, then the fourth, and so on, with perfect regularity of succession; and neither ceases till the first does, and then only each in his own turn. That this does not depend on the period of each motion being constant, is shown by the fact, that the duration of either state is very varying and arbitrary. If a bird be following the same course, near at hand, but not within the line, he does not regard the succession at all, but governs his own motion.

"The pelican, on alighting on the water to swim, brings his feet, which before had been stretched out behind, into a standing position, and, as it were *slides along the surface* for several yards before he swims."—p. 410.

Many instances are upon record of the sympathy shown by birds for their companions when in distress or difficulty. Mr. Gosse, on the authority of his friend, Mr. Hill, adds the following display of affectionate attention on the part of a bird whose stupidity is proverbial: from the introductory observations it would appear not to be a solitary example of a feeling which, from the character usually attached to this bird, he would hardly have the credit of possessing.

"The sympathy shown by gregarious birds for their wounded companions is usually never more strongly manifested than in the boobies. In the

wanton spirit of shooting at them, when sailing past the kays and islets they resort to, there are few who have not witnessed the extraordinary efforts made by the clamorous flock to assist a wounded bird, when fluttering in the water, and unable to regain the wing. An accident which happened to one of the two boobies we have in our yard, gave us an opportunity of seeing traits of this feeling and of its attendant emotions. My little nephew, in chasing with a small whip one of our birds, entangled the lash about its wing, and snapped the arm-bone. The one bird not alone showed sympathy for the other, but exhibited curiosity about the nature and character of the accident. Our two birds are male and female. The wounded booby withdrew into a lonely part of the yard, and stood there drooping. The female sought him as soon as she heard his cry of agony, and after ascertaining, by surveying him all round, that the injury was in the wing, proceeded to prevail on him to move the limb, that she might see whether he was really disabled beyond the power of using it for flight. After a quacking *honk* or two, as a call to do something required of him, the female stretched out one of her wings;—the wounded male imitated her, and making an effort, moved out, in some sort of way, the wounded member to its full length. He was now required by a corresponding movement to raise it;—he raised the broken arm, but the wing could not be elevated. The curiosity of the female was at a stand-still. After a moment's pause, her wounded companion was persuaded to make another trial at imitation, and to give the wings some three or four good flaps. He followed the given signal, gave the required beats on the air with so thorough a good will, to meet the wishes of his curious mate, that he twirled the broken wing quite round, and turned it inside out. The mischief was prodigiously increased. It was now necessary to put a stop to this process of investigation of the one bird into the misfortune of the other. I came in just as these exhibitions had occurred, and taking up the bird with its twisted wing, I was obliged, after setting the limb, to restrain him from any further gratification of his mate's curiosity, by tying the wing into place, and keeping it so tied till the bone united. The one now attended the other, and carefully examined day after day the broken limb. Calling on him to make an occasional effort to raise the disabled and immovable member, she used her ineffectual endeavors to persuade him to lift it, though tied, by lifting her own from time to time.

"Though this fellow-feeling was so strongly and so remarkably manifested with regard to the broken wing—when feeding together, the abler female did not hesitate to take advantage of her greater agility, by snatching away from her mate his share of victuals, and grappling with him for one and the same piece of meat. Instinct seems to exhibit simple, not complex emotions. If the male bird had been utterly unable to feed himself, the female would possibly herself have supplied him with food:—but able to eat, the undivided passion was the feeding appetite; and the instinctive habit of striking at the prey, and grabbing it, was not capable of restraint, or of any modification whatever."—p. 418.

With this extract we must close our notice of Mr. Gosse's exceedingly interesting volume; feeling assured that its own intrinsic merits will warmly recommend it to the favor of readers of every class.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.

GLORIOUS ROBERT BURNS! When George Thomson wrote to him, asking new songs for the old tunes, and offering remuneration, he said—"You may think my songs either above or below price; for they shall absolutely be the one or the other. * * * To talk of money, wages, fee, hire, &c., would be downright prostitution of soul. A proof of each of the songs that I compose *I shall receive as a favor.*" When, ten months after, Thomson sent a gift of money, Burns replied—"I assure you, my dear sir, you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. * * * As to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear, on the least motion of it, I will indignantly spurn the bypast transaction, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you." He was then an exciseman at fifty pounds a year. Afterwards, when he had seventy, Mr. Perry of the "Morning Chronicle" offered him fifty-two guineas per annum if he would furnish once a week an article for the poetical department of the newspaper. "This offer," says Dr. Currie, "the pride of genius disdained to accept."

Burns was doubtless unreasonable on this point. He might have accepted from both Thomson and Perry with perfect propriety. It shows, however, the nice delicacy of the man, that he refused to receive these tithes of mint and cummin. It also shows the small progress which mercenary ideas had then made amongst the men who exercised their intellects for the gratification of the public.

Contrast with this an announcement of the newspapers of our day, that, by a decision in the Court of Queen's Bench, a song cannot be even sung in public without the permission of the composer, under a penalty of at least forty shillings for each offence, the proprietor of the place where the song is sung being liable to the same penalty! Money, money, money!—always money! For this, it now fully appears, the composer melts us with the tender strains of love, seeks to inspire us with a love of country, or strikes our souls with pity and terror by calling up the ideas proper to a battle or a shipwreck. He aims at softening and refining us by his elegant and delightful art; but a toll must be paid as we walk up to his temple, under a forty-shillings penalty. Imagine Tyrtæus composing capital war-songs to inspirit his countrymen against the Persians, and then, when the soldiers were all ready to go on to battle singing them, "Oh no, my dear friends," interposes the bard; "as individuals, you are welcome to sing my songs as long as you please; but as you now propose to sing them *in public*, I must have a consideration." Think of the Troubadours squabbling for "considerations" every time they sung each other's romances in abbey refectory or baron's hall; Thorold defending his romance of *Rollo* from a piratical recitation by Wace, and Wace prosecuting Thorold on account of his *Brut d'Angleterre*. Verily the times are changed since then.

We submit that, while it is but right that a man should be remunerated for the productions of his intellect, the tradesman part of the business ought surely to be as much softened as possible. To tell a man that he may gather a petty impost, if he can, upon every collection of people to whom one of his productions is presented, is to degrade him. Surely, too, the public could not well pay for their gratification in a way more cumbrous or uneconomical.

From the Westminster Review.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF RUDOLPH TÖPFFER.

Nouvelles Genevoises. Par M. TÖPFFER. Paris. 1842. *Rosa et Gertrude*, par R. TÖPFFER. *Précédé de notices sur la vie et les ouvrages de l'auteur.* Par MM. Sainte Beuve et De la Rive. Paris. 1847.

If the critic possessed the privileges of the natural philosopher—if he might deal with spiritual entities as the chemist does with the material elements, what an interesting experiment it would be to put together certain measures of French and German nature in due atomic proportion, so that a new psychological and literary type might be produced by the combination. Given such a laboratory of moral and intellectual chemistry as our fancy conceives, it is not a mere exchange of outward forms we should seek to effect—imitation of foreign models is the bane of every national literature—but a mutual interpenetration of the respective primary elements. The probable result might then be compared to a neutral salt, in which French petulance and superficial grace, intimately coalescing with German bookishness (*gelehrtheit*) and reverie, like acid with alkali, should give birth to a *tertium quid*, different in all qualities from both ingredients, and perhaps more wholesome and of a more pleasant savor than either. But critical philosophy lacks one of the two great instruments of induction; it can only observe, but not experimentalize. Some such progress as we have suggested has already been exemplified, but in a more complicated shape, in the formation and growth of the English mind; and the banks of Lake Lemman appear to exhibit another similar instance. Geneva is a focus in which many heterogeneous elements are fused together into one composite mass. The main constituent is indigenous; with this are mingled large influxes from France and Germany. Italy contributes a notable proportion, and England helps, in a lesser but still sensible degree, to modify the whole product.

Geneva is peculiarly circumstanced with regard to its language, which is a thing of native growth, and not, like the English, more or less corruptly used by the Celtic races of Ireland, a ready-made importation from the potent neighbor. Its relation to the literary dialect recognized by the academy rather resembles that which lowland Scotch bears to standard English. The fact applies to all French Switzerland. It is an old romance country, which worked its own way out of the intermediary language of the middle ages, and which, in the great intellectual commotion of the sixteenth century, made its voice heard with fully as much effect as its more powerful sister. Paris and Geneva were then cognate centres; since that period the former has eclipsed the latter, and at this day the languages of Geneva, Lausanne, and Neuchâtel, exist only as local dialects, disdained as literary media even by the native writers. This is to be regretted; for scattered over those neglected fields are many graceful weeds, many fresh-scented wild flowers, that are wanting in the trim gardens of the academy. "Your French is bad," says the Parisian to the man of Geneva: "Yours would be better," the latter might retort, "if you would enrich its impoverished store from the native wealth of our homely tongue; but your lingual powers have lost their elasticity, and become dwarfed by disuse; you cannot force them beyond the arbitrary limits assigned to them in the seventeenth century.

In spite of your revolution, you still wear with complacency the fetters imposed on you in the age of Louis XIV. Your language, like everything else belonging to France, has suffered through your mania for centralization; and by-the-by, permit me to remind you that Richelieu, the founder of that system though a great statesman was an execrable poet. Uncouth as our speech may sound in Parisian ears, there is racy vigor and freedom in it, an air of the mountain and the lake, which would be ill exchanged for the conventional graces of your meagre and monotonous phraseology. The very briars, moss, and ferns of our verdant wildernesses have a beauty of their own, which you would seek in vain in the clipped hedgerows and ornate parterres of your stately, formal Versailles."

Be this as it may, the literature of Gallic-Switzerland labors under a great disadvantage from its eccentric position. It is extremely difficult for a writer of that country to remain distinctively Swiss in his writings, and at the same time to be correct in style according to the established standard. In his endeavor to comply with the latter exigency, he must project himself out of his natural sphere, forget the strongly marked lineaments and local hues which nature and history have given to the manners, thoughts, and expressions of his people, and he must think and write after a neutral fashion. Here, in all probability, we have the chief cause of the remarkable fact, that Geneva, so illustrious in other respects for its intellectual fertility, has hitherto produced very little in the department of imaginative literature. Senebier, who has written a Literary History of Geneva, calls it, with just pride, "one of the luminous schools of the earth;" and Sainte Beuve, struck with admiration of the rich fruitage of science and erudition which has sprung from so small a stock, aptly compares the little state to a dwarf pear tree, that is in itself a whole orchard. But amidst all this abundance there is penury in one point; Geneva has not, in her list of worthies, the name of a great poet, or writer of prose fiction, with the sole exception of Rousseau; and even he is said to betray, in his exquisite diction, some tokens of the difficulty of which we have just spoken. Sainte Beuve asserts that he is not completely at home in the language with which he works such fascination; his art occasionally betrays itself. "Jean Jacques lui-même, à côté de Voltaire sent l'effort il y a maintefois de l'ouvrier dans son art." But it is particularly in distinguished writers of a lower grade, such as Necker, that this defect is strikingly apparent; their phraseology is too assiduously wrought, too scrupulously correct; and then for their conversation, they talk like books. They are in the condition of Theophrastus, whose foreign birth was discovered by the old women of Athens, *quod nimium Atticè loqueretur*.

Töpffer, the artist author, prematurely lost to Geneva and to France, where he had acquired sterling popularity, escaped this difficulty, because he did not attempt to be more attic than the Athenians. Ardently attached to his birth-place, and writing at first only for his own recreation and for the gratification of his personal friends, he had no thought of soliciting the suffrages of Paris; and this very indifference to the fame and profit of authorship tended most directly to secure his reputation, since it left him free to follow the natural bent of his genius. Buffon's celebrated maxim, "le style c'est l'homme," is strictly true in his case. He wrote much as we may suppose him to have conversed, and the history of the man is not to be separated from that of his writings.

Rudolph Töpffer was born at Geneva, on the 17th of February, 1799. His family, as the name implies, are of German descent, and his father, who survives him, is an eminent landscape and genre painter. The son's inclinations, from his earliest years, tended almost exclusively to his father's profession, but the latter wisely insisted that he should complete his general education before he began his apprenticeship to art. Young Rudolph, therefore, studied Latin and Greek up to the age of eighteen, but after a peculiar fashion, which he has charmingly described in the *Bibliothèque de mon Oncle*. Jules, the hero and narrator of that tale, is Töpffer himself, and the house in which the scene is laid, the *maison de la bourse française*, is the same in which Töpffer passed his youth; the incidents however are fictitious.

Having completed the classical course prescribed by his father, the young man was free to indulge his cherished inclinations. The pencil, which had always been his companion, and a very capital help in his assiduous *Flânerie*, was now about to become a professional instrument in his hands; but a sad calamity frustrated all his plans. He was on the eve of his departure for Italy, when he was attacked with an affection of the eyes, which eventually became chronic, and continued to afflict him as long as he lived. Two years passed away in ineffectual efforts to perform a cure; at last he went to Paris, ostensibly for the purpose of obtaining medical advice, but in reality with no other hope than that of beguiling his anxieties by study. He consulted no one, bade adieu, sadly but resolutely, to his chosen vocation, and applied himself in good earnest to the study of letters, in order to qualify himself for the business of education. On his return to Geneva he became first an assistant in a school, then master of one founded by himself, and finally, professor of *belles-lettres* in the academy. He married happily, and the rest of his days flowed on in a smooth and tranquil current, untroubled by any remarkable events or vicissitudes of outward fortune. His life was that of a cheerful, wise, good man, who found a perpetual source of pleasure in common things, in the fulfilment of all the duties of his station, and the unostentatious exercise of his general humor and powers of observation for the delight and improvement of those about him. He was an able and successful teacher; and so beloved was he by his pupils, that they never wished to pass their vacations away from him. The mental gain on either side was mutual. Sainte Beuve says, finely, "The moralist by profession who observes only grown men, is in danger of falling into the ways of La Rochefoucauld, or La Bruyère; on the contrary, if the attention is always fixed upon a body of ingenuous youth, continually renewed, the observer retains his freshness of heart in the fulness of his knowledge; he has wherewith to console himself when he is mistaken, and a juster view of human nature, in its secret springs and general constitution. Some one has said that experience in certain minds is like the water collected in a cistern; it soon becomes corrupted. In Töpffer's case, experience more resembled a spring perpetually gushing, and renovated in the light of day."

It was for the gratification of his pupils, and with no ulterior views, that his first writings were produced. They were little dramatic pieces, none of which have been published. After these came narratives of the pedestrian tours through the various cantons of Switzerland, which he was in the habi-

of making every summer with his school boys. Nor, while he was thus exercising his pen, did he neglect the pencil. In mirthful hours, chatting with his boys, he conceived, and sketched in their presence, those histories in caricature which have been copied and imitated all over Europe. The grotesque albums passed from hand to hand, and it chanced that one of them fell at last under the notice of Goethe! The high priest of art liked it, and desired to see the others, which were thereupon forwarded to Weimar. Goethe mentioned them in a number of the journal, "für Kunst und Alterthum;" and Töpffer, fortified by such high sanction, printed for private circulation five sets of those whimsical productions—M. Vieux Bois, M. Jabot, le Docteur Festus, M. Pencil, M. Crepin. Their success, as we have said, was very great, but their humor is of a kind that can scarcely be translated into words; and we will not attempt to convey any idea of it to those who have not become acquainted with it in the original.

"The valley of the Arve may be reached from Sixt, by crossing a chain of high mountains that extends from Cluses to Salenche. The pass is scarcely known and used by any but the smugglers, who abound in those parts, laying in their stock of goods at Martigny, in the Vallais. These daring fellows take their way over the almost inaccessible crags, loaded with enormous burthens, and descend into the inner valleys of Savoy, whilst the *douaniers* are keeping a bright look on the outskirts.

"The *douaniers* are men who have a uniform, coarse, dirty hands, and a pipe in their mouths. They sit in the sun, doing nothing, until a carriage passes; and that it does pass before them is a thing that happens precisely by reason of its not containing any contraband articles. Monsieur has nothing to declare?—Nothing. And, thereupon, notwithstanding this categorical answer, they open the traveller's trunks, and thrust the aforesaid hands in among the white linen, silk gowns, and pocket handkerchiefs. The state pays them for plying this trade, a fact which has always struck me as comical.

"The smugglers are men armed to the teeth, and always disposed to touch up any *douanier* with a bullet who should take a fancy for walking the road they have reserved for themselves. Luckily, the *douaniers* who have an inkling of the circumstance, walk not at all, or else anywhere but in that road. This has always struck me as an indication of tact on the part of the *douaniers*.

"*Douanes* and smuggling are two aliens of society. Lines of custom-houses are a girdle of vices and libertinism enclosing a country; smuggling expeditions are an admirable school of robbery and crime, that annually turns out promising pupils, whom society subsequently undertakes to lodge and feed at its own cost in the prisons and bagnios.

"I have often had to do with the *douaniers*: my shirts have had the honor of being thumbed on all the frontiers by the agents of all the governments, absolute or otherwise. They never found anything prohibited in them. *Apropos* of shirts—here is a story. I was going to Lyon. At Bellegarde they searched our trunks, and insisted also on feeling our persons, for fear there should be any watches concealed on them; for Geneva is at no great distance. I submitted to the operation with a good grace; but an English officer, who was one of the party, having had the matter explained to him, quietly took his case-knife out of his pocket, and de-

clared that he would cut in two '*la premier comme aussi la second*,' who should make a show of feeling him, even from a distance. There was a great hubbub. The douaniers desired nothing better than to execute their office; but the great strapping Waterloo man, with his trenchant blade, intimidated them supremely. Meanwhile, the chief officer kept on saying, in a tone of authority, 'Search that man!' but the other repeated, with increasing fury, '*Véné et je coupé en deux la premier comme aussi la second, et encore la troisième avec.*' By the *troisième* he meant the chief man. The matter might have ended tragically, so great was the exasperation of the good gentleman, had I not thought of interfering. 'Let monsieur hand over his clothes,' I said, 'to the douaniers, and they will execute their orders without the least hurt to his dignity.' I had hardly said the word when the Englishman, assenting to these conditions, whipped off his clothes and threw them one after the other in the faces of the *douaniers*. He stripped himself as bare as my hand; and I shall never forget the air with which he capped the chief douanier with his shirt, crying out, '*Téné, misérable! téné!*'

"I have not so often had to do with the smugglers; nevertheless, I had some intercourse with them the day I took it into my head to proceed alone from Sixt to Sallenche, by the mountains of which I have spoken. I had procured directions as to the way: an hour before reaching the summit you pass along by the side of a little lake, called the Lac de Gors; further on the road lies on the crest of a ridge of rocks that traverse a plain of frozen snow; after which you again descend towards the forests on the Sallenche side, that overhang the waterfall of Arpenas. After three hours of steep ascent I discovered the little lake. It is a pool enclosed between verdant slopes, reflected in dark hues from its surface, whilst the transparency of the water enables you to see the shining mosses with which the bottom is carpeted. I sat down on the brink of the water and looked at myself in it, like Narcissus; I looked at myself eating the wing of a fowl, without letting the pleasure of contemplating my own image interrupt the movement of my jaws for a moment.

"Besides my person I saw also in the water the inverted image of the adjoining heights, the forests, the scene, in short, including two ravens high in air, that seemed in the mirror as though they were flying deep down in the antipodes. Whilst I was amusing myself with this sight, a man's head, or a woman's, or an animal's, or at least something alive, appeared to me to have moved on the side of a mountain. It was the one I was about to ascend. I looked up instantly in order to see the object itself, but there was nothing visible; I therefore attributed this phenomenon to some undulation of the surface of the water, and resumed my journey in the full conviction that I was alone in those parts, at the same time being equally convinced that I had seen something. I stopped every now and then to look about me; and when I was near the spot where I thought I had descried the head, I cautiously made a circuit round some rocks and proceeded with increased circumspection.

"They had told me a story below about the rocky furrow I was ascending; and this I believe is the right place for repeating it. Eighteen smugglers, each carrying a sack of Berne gunpowder, were travelling that way. The last of the file perceived that his sack diminished insensibly in weight, whereat he was disposed to rejoice, when

it occurred to him to suspect shrewdly that the lightening of the load arose possibly from the decrease of its bulk. It was but too true: a long train of powder appeared on the track he had pursued. This was a loss in the first place; but what was worse, it was a token which might betray the march of the band, and jeopardize its business. He cried halt, and thereupon his seventeen comrades sat themselves down, each on his sack, to drink a drop, and wipe their faces.

"Meanwhile, the other, the shrewd one, retraced his steps till he came to the beginning of his train of powder. He reached it after two hours' walking, and set fire to it with his pipe, in order to destroy the clue. Two minutes afterwards he heard a superb explosion, which, reverberating from the rocky mountain walls, rolling through the valleys, and ascending the gorges, caused him a marvellous surprise: it was the seventeen sacks which had been fired by the train, and had bounced into the air, carrying with them the seventeen fathers of families that were seated upon them. Whereupon I have two remarks to make.

"The first is, that this is a true history, agreeable, and recreative, sufficiently probable, and proved by tradition, and by the furrow which subsists to this day, as any one may go and satisfy himself with his own eyes. I hold it as certain as the passage of Hannibal across the lesser Mount Bernard. How do they prove the passage of Hannibal over the lesser Mount Bernard? They begin by showing you a white rock at the foot of the mountain; after which they demonstrate to you that it is the one which the Carthaginian caused to be dissolved in vinegar after he reached the summit.

"My second remark is, that in this history seventeen men perish; but observe, one remains to tell the tale. This, if I mistake not, is the sign, the criterion of a first-rate bit of history; for in a battle, a disaster, a catastrophe, if few perish, the thing is paltry; if all perish, that puts an extinguisher on the affair. But when one solitary individual escapes out of the very thick of an immense discomfiture, and that for the express purpose of bringing the news, the thing is exquisite. And this is why history, Greek, Roman, and Modern abounds in exactly similar instances.

"It was very hot in my furrow; nevertheless, at that elevation the heat is tempered by the keenness of the air; besides, the beauty of the scenery captivates the soul, and makes one forget the little inconveniences that are sometimes so intolerable in the insipid plain. On looking back, I saw very near me the icy dome of Mount Buet. I fancied, too, I saw, at no great distance, something moving behind the last fir trees I had passed, and I began to imagine it might be the feet belonging to the head I had seen, so that I continued to walk with increasing circumspection.

"Unfortunately, I am by nature very timorous—I detest danger wherein heroes take delight, as they tell us—nothing pleases me so much as perfect security in front and rear and on both sides of me. The mere idea that in a duel one is exposed to see the point of a sword straight before his right eye, has always sufficed to make me exceedingly prudent in spite of my temperament, which is hot, and dull in point of susceptibility, in spite of my ticklish spirit. Now the matter in this case might be worse than a duel; it might be an assault on my person or my purse, or on both—it might be a horrible catastrophe, and no one to tell the tale! When once this idea entered my head, I could think of

nothing else; and it so completely mastered me, that at last I hid among the rocks to watch what was passing in my rear.

"I had been observing for about half an hour, (it is very fatiguing to observe,) when an ill-favored man stole softly and cautiously from behind the fir trees. He looked long and steadily in the direction of the rocks among which I was concealed, and then clapped his hands twice. Two other men appeared at the signal, and all three, taking each a large sack on his shoulders, began to climb the hill-side quietly, after lighting their pipes. In this way they soon came to the spot where I lay crouched on the ground, and sat down there on their sacks just like the seventeen. Luckily their backs were towards me.

"I had plenty of leisure to make my remarks. The gentlemen appeared to be very well armed. They had among them a carbine and two pistols, not to mention the big sack, which my imagination, true to the lessons of history, failed not to fill with Berne gunpowder. Already I was trembling at the thought of some train or another, when one of them, having risen to remove a few paces off, laid down his lighted pipe on his sack. At that sight I commended my soul to God, and awaited the explosion, squeezing myself flat against a rock, on the shelter of which I counted, barely enough to avoid bellowing with terror.

"The man who had risen climbed up a high spot, and after gazing thence over the ground they were about to travel, he returned to his comrades. 'He is no longer in sight,' said he. 'He is just the beggar to sell us for all that,' said another. 'And I warrant,' said the third, 'that's why he's galloping on a-head of us. He's a douanier in disguise, take my word for it. There he stood with his nose thrown up in the wind, looking here and there and everywhere. I wish we had dispatched him, snug and quiet, in this handy spot. Dead men tell no tales.'

"Jean Jean tells none, either,' said the second speaker; 'it was just down in that hole yonder that his carcass rotted. When we caught him he had thrown away this here carbine of his, to make us think he was a private person. His trial was soon done. The moment we got hold of him, Lameche tied him to a tree, and Pierre dropped him with a ball in his head; and then, after that, says he to him, 'Jean Jean, say your prayers!' Boisterous laughter followed these horrible words, until the same man, getting up first to resume the march, cried out, on perceiving me, 'By God, we have caught the bird on the nest. Here is our man!' The two others jumped up at these words, and I fancied I saw an innumerable multitude of pistols pointed at my head.

"Gentlemen,' said I to them, 'gentlemen, I—you are mistaken—allow me—just lower your weapons, please—gentlemen, I am the honestest man in the world (they frowned)—do, pray, lower your weapons, they might go off without your intending it.—I am a man of letters—totally unconnected with the customs—a married man, and father of a family. Drop your arms, I beseech you, they hinder me from collecting my ideas. Please to continue your journey without giving yourselves any concern about me. Confound the customs! I take a great interest in your laborious trade. You are honest men, who diffuse plenty among the victims of an odious fiscalty. Gentlemen, I have the honor to wish you a very good morning.'

"'You are here to watch us!' said the worst of the three, with the look and tone of a Cartouche.

"'Not at all! not at all! I am here to'—

"'To watch and sell us. We know you. We saw you down there peeping, and looking'—

"'At the beauties of nature, my good sirs, nothing else.'

"'The beauties of nature? And what were you doing when you were squatting in that nook? Culling simples, mayhap. Yours is a bad trade. These mountains are ours. Bad luck to anybody that comes smelling after us here. Say your prayers.'

"He raised his pistol. I fell flat on the ground. The two others slightly interposed; a few words passed between the three in whispers, after which, one of them, without ceremony, clapped his load on my shoulders, and told me to step out. Thus I found myself actively engaged in a smuggling expedition. It was the first time in my life; and I have ever since taken care that it should be the last.

"It seems that my fate had been decided in the secret council just held, for the fellows took no more heed of me, but marched in silence, taking their two remaining loads by turns. I made attempts, however, to recur to the demonstration of my innocence, but their practised eyes pleaded more for the truth of my cause than all my protestations. The only thing they could not understand was, why I had walked with circumspection, and looked all around me, when I must have supposed I was alone. I gave the key to the mystery, by telling them of the apparition that had struck me when I was gazing on the water. 'It is all one,' said the surly fellow, 'innocent or not, you may sell us. Get on. We shall soon be in the forest. We'll do your job there.'

"It may be easily imagined in what sense I understood these words; so during the half hour it took us to reach the forest, I had time to form a very accurate conception of the sufferings of a criminal on the way to the gallows. They are extremely deserving of pity, as I can aver. Still I had in my favor my innocence, in the first place, and then the chance of meeting some one, to say nothing of that which presented itself to me, of throwing myself and my burden down a chasm that opened very conveniently for that purpose on our right. The first of these chances did not occur, the second I had no mind to adopt, and so we came without fail to the forest, where my gentlemen eased me of my load, and tied me firmly to a large tree. Having done this, instead of dropping me as they had done by Jean Jean, they said to me, 'We must have a clear four-and-twenty hours' law. Make yourself comfortable in the meanwhile. We will return this way to-morrow, and untie you; gratitude will of course prevent your blabbing.' So saying, they took up their sacks and left me.

"I do think the radiant face of nature never seemed to me so lovely as at that moment. It was curious, but a fact, nevertheless, that this imprisonment did not cause me the slightest inconvenience. Four-and-twenty hours seemed to me a minute, and the men who had just parted from me very honest fellows, a little peremptory from necessity, but good-hearted and well-behaved in the main. I was really restored to life! In a few minutes, under the intense revulsion of delight after the most horrible anxiety, I fell into a sort of trance, and when I came to myself again my face was bathed in tears. In telling the tale of sufferings, rendered ludicrous

by the *dénouement* in which they ended, I have not wished to dwell on the movements that agitated my heart on that occasion; but why should I forbear from saying that immediately on my deliverance I rendered thanks to God with all my soul, and that the sweet tears I shed were those of the love and deep thankfulness which can only be felt toward the being who holds our days in his hands. I blessed his name a thousand times, and the first thought that succeeded to these effusions of thankfulness was that of the happiness I should feel after such poignant distress in finding myself once more in the midst of my family. I was so impatient to go and throw myself into their arms, that it was in that way I began to feel the inconvenience of having a tree tied to one's person.

"It was two in the afternoon. I had not more than three-and-twenty hours to wait. The spot was a wilderness, close to the snowy region, and not at all frequented by travellers. Besides, just then, had any one appeared, such was the profound respect I still entertained for my persecutors, who could not be very far distant, that I believe I should have requested him not to free me, or come near me. Towards four o'clock, however, my respect had diminished in the direct ratio of the square of the distances, and at the same time my *melée*, to speak without a figure, was beginning to saw my back in a strange way. That did not help me much, and I saw no more than the rat in the fable how I was to get out of my bondage, when a native made his appearance.

"The native was himself highly fabulous. He had a hat in holes, breeches, and no stockings, and under his nose a black forest, produced by the immoderate use of snuff! smuggled, no doubt. Hallo! heigh! help! honest man, I shouted; whereupon, instead of running to me he stopped short, and snuffed up an enormous pinch.

"The Savoyard peasant is not timid but prudent. He does nothing with precipitation, never puts out his hand unless he can see clearly how he is to pull it in again, nor meddles in any business if he is not sure it will lead him into no scrape with the authorities, no quarrel with his neighbors, no contact of any kind with the royal carabinieri; in all other respects he is the best creature in the world, as I sincerely testify from frequent experience.

"My native then was the best creature in the world; but a man tied to a larch—that was a thing not at all clear to him. It might be an affair of the authorities, or of somebody, or of another body; so for that reason, instead of advancing he stopped to see what would come of me.

"At last, 'Very pretty weather to-day!' he shouted to me with a grin, as if I was there put for the pleasure of taking the air; 'Very pretty weather!'

"Will you come and unbind me, instead of talking to me about the weather?"

"You will be unbound right enough. Have you been long there?"

"Three hours. Come along; set to!"

"He advanced two steps;—It's like it was some of the bad chaps that fixed you that way."

"That I will tell you about; but make haste and untie me."

"He came forward three steps more; and I thought I was at last arrived at the end of my tribulations, when, dropping his voice, he whispered mysteriously, 'I say, it's like it was the smuggler-folks, eh?'

"Exactly; you have it. The villains have left

me tied here to die between this time and their return to-morrow."

"These words had a prodigious effect on the native, who started back in affright, and gave evident signs of his intention to leave me just as I was. Enraged beyond all bounds at this, I abused him as the vilest wretch that ever wore, or rather did not wear, a human face; but he took not the least notice of my invectives; 'We'll see, we'll see,' he muttered, as he shuffled away. 'You'll be untied presently;' then, quickening his pace, he disappeared round a turning of the path, pursued by my maledictions.

"I did not know what to think or to do. I was afraid I had made my situation worse by what I had said to the fellow, who might report my words to the smugglers, if indeed he was not one of the gang himself. My imagination was beginning, therefore, to wear a very gloomy complexion, and but for the gambols of two squirrels that somewhat diverted my attention, I should have been very unhappy. The pretty but timid animals, thinking themselves alone in the wood, sported with the freedom and grace of perfect security, pursued each other from tree to tree, and surprised me by their agility, and the playful elegance of their manoeuvres. As I made one piece with the stem of the larch, one of them ran heedlessly down my body to climb a neighboring tree, up which the other pursued it from branch to branch to the top. All at once they both stood motionless, which made me conjecture that they saw some one coming. I was not mistaken. A stout man made his appearance, accompanied by the native with the black forest. The stout man had three chins, a full-moon face, small and unfortunately very weary eyes, a cocked hat, and a long-tailed coat. As soon as he caught sight of me, he put himself in an attitude of observation. 'Who are you?' I shouted to him.

"The syndic of the commune," he replied, without advancing a step.

"Well, then, syndic of the commune, I demand that you untie me, or cause me to be untied by your officer there, who is stuffing his nose with snuff."

"You will be untied presently," they both cried out together. 'Let's see a bit the rights of the matter,' said the syndic.

"Warned by experience, I was careful not to say another word about smugglers. 'My story,' said I, 'is very simple. I have been attacked and plundered by brigands, who tied me to this tree, and I require to be set free from it forthwith.'

"Oh, that's how it is!" said the syndic. 'Brigands, you say!'

"Yes, brigands. I was crossing the mountain with a mule that carried my valise. They robbed me both of the mule and the valise."

"Oh, that's how it is!"

"Most assuredly that's how it is! And now you know all, make haste and untie me. Come!"

"That's how it is!" he repeated, without budging. 'I say, it will cost a deal in the matter of writings.'

"Will you untie me, blockhead!—what have I to do with your writings?"

"Why, you see, we must verbalize, in course."

"Verbalize afterwards; but untie me first."

"Not possible, my good sir, I should get in a mess. Verbalize first, and untie you afterwards; that's the way. I'll go look for witnesses. I must have two that can sign their names. It will take some time to find them, you know; and then they must be paid for their day, but monsieur won't

mind that.' Then turning to the native—'Go down to Maglan, to la Pernette. She will tell you where her husband, the notary, is; you will go and send him here—after which go your ways to Saint Martin's, where you will find Benaïton, the sexton. He is there for certain, for he has to ring the bells to-day for the wedding of the Chozets—tell him to come too. And bid the notary bring his inkhorn—ours was spilt on Tuesday at the wake—and also the stamped paper. Stir your stumps, my lad; with honest folks one loses nothing by not bargaining beforehand. Go your ways, and as you pass through Veluz, tell Jean Marc that his mare has the glanders, and has been fired; but the autumn will bring her round again.' Go.'

"To the devil with him, and Jean Mark, and his mare, and yourself into the bargain! Stupid magistrate! Unfeeling wretches! Oh, stay! untie me, and I will give you a louis d'or apiece."

"On hearing this, the native, who had already put himself in motion, stopped short, all agape with greed of lucre. But the syndic replied, 'You will pay for the writings and expenses, and will give whatever you please over and above; if you come down handsome nobody will take it amiss; but in regard to buying people beforehand, you might put louis d'or on louis d'or, but it would n't do. Do you know that we're syndics of the commune from father to son, since the time of Antoine Baptiste, my ancestor, and that before we demean ourselves to lose our good name, you'll see the Arve without water! Get along with you,' he shouted to the native. Then turning to me, 'Have patience,' he said, 'I'll go fetch you a *chopine* of red that will make you all right and hearty.'

"Thus the vexations but meritorious honesty of this good fellow was as bad for me as his respect for forms. I was again left alone; and this time, feeling certain that I should not be released before next morning, I tried to accustom myself to that idea. Fortunately the evening was warm, and the air delightfully serene. The declining sun shot horizontally into the forest that had been closed during the day to its rays; and the larches cast their long shadows on a mossy sward, all glittering with rich and warm hues. Some buzzards I had seen hovering over my head had disappeared; the crows were crossing the valley of the Arve, cawing as they flew towards their roosting place; and the mountain tops themselves, gradually losing color, seemed to pass from life and activity to the silence of sleep. This evening calm—this spectacle of nature wrapping herself in shade, and sinking into nightly sleep—exercises a secret power over the soul, charming away its cares and perturbations, and dissolving them in a pleasing melancholy. In spite of my uncomfortable situation, I was not untouched by these impressions. My mind, gently moved, reverted to the event of this stormy day; and, as it retraced the sufferings of the morning, it enjoyed with a livelier relish the tranquil sweetness of the evening, and the reassuring hope of a deliverance, if not immediate at least sure, and not far distant."

"Meanwhile, by the last rays of the setting sun, I descried on my horizon some men, women, and children—a whole village. Their figures, placed between me and the sun, were projected in the form of moving *silhouettes* on the transparent foliage of the lower larches, so that at first I did not distinguish amongst them my syndic and his *chopine*. He was there, however, and with him the curé, who had been attracted to the scene by the fame of my adventure. His visit revived my hopes; and I

made ready to avail myself, for my deliverance, of whatever stock of Christian virtues I might find him possessed of.

"The curé was very old and infirm, and ascended the path slowly. 'Heyday,' said he, when he caught sight of me, 'those scoundrels have swaddled you vilely, monsieur. I salute you.'

"The frank and open manner of the good old man filled me with an ecstasy of delight. 'Vilely, indeed,' I replied; 'excuse me, Monsieur le curé, if I do not bow or take off my hat to you; it is their fault. Will you allow me to say a few words to you in private?'

"The first thing to be done, I fancy, is to untie you; after which you can talk to me more conveniently. Here, Antoine," said he to the syndic, 'make haste and cut these cords.'

"I was profuse in my expressions of gratitude, and assuredly they came from my heart. Antoine pulled out his knife, and was about to cut my bonds, when the native, who coveted the cord and wished to have it complete, ward off the knife, and went to work on the knot, which he untied in a few minutes. The moment I was released I grasped the hand of the curé, and in the first transports of my joy I kissed him on both cheeks. But immediately I was seized with acute pains in all my limbs; my torpid legs were incapable of movement, and I was forced to sit down on the spot. Antoine then came and administered the *chopine* to me, whilst the curé sent some of his parishioners to fetch his mule for my use. Having given his orders, he turned to me and said, 'Now I am ready to listen to you;' and the whole village, herdsmen, women, children, the syndic, and the sexton, made a circle round us. The sun had just set."

"I told my story exactly as it had occurred. The atrocious circumstances that had attended the death of Jean Jean struck horror into the minds of those honest people; and when I repeated the blasphemous expressions that excited the merriment of the smugglers, '*Say your prayers, Jean Jean!*' they all with one accord crossed themselves in solemn silence. Touched at the sight, and strongly prompted to unite in this spontaneous movement of so natural a feeling, I instinctively took off my hat. The parishioners seemed surprised; the curé remained grave and motionless; and as for me, I felt abashed. 'Go on, go on,' said the worthy old man. So I finished the story; not forgetting the excessive prudence of the native, or the laudable disinterestedness of the syndic."

It was in 1832 that Töpffer made his first essay as a *romancier* in a charming little production, "*La Bibliothèque de mon Oncle*," the opening of which we have already quoted. It now forms the middle of the "*Histoire de Jules*." Next year he published the first part of "*Le Presbytère*," which he afterwards extended to five books; and this was followed by several smaller tales and narratives of excursions in the interval between that year and 1840.

We were about to say that "*Rosa et Gertrude*," Töpffer's last work, is the most exquisite of all his productions, and we know not why we should hesitate to do so, but that we confess ourselves biased by a lingering partiality for an older favorite, the first book of "*Le Presbytère*." The latter story opens on a summer noon, on the side of a pond, where Charles lies stretched on the grass, contemplating three grave and peaceful individuals, three ducks, *videlicet*, who are taking their siesta in all the security of a conscience void of offence, and

never dreaming of the dangers and sorrows to which the most innocent are exposed in this world of trouble. In his idle mood Charles flings a stone into the pond, and startles the sleepers out of their placid repose. Something of the like sort is about to befall himself. He is very much given to dreaming by day, especially since a certain evening on which he came down from the mountain with Louise, the daughter of the parish-clerk. The incident will not take long to tell:—

"One evening in the preceding autumn, Louise and I set off to see the two cows belonging to the parsonage, which were kept during the warm season at the chalets half-way up the mountain. We took the way through the woods, chattering and playing as we went, and stopping at every trifle. In an open glade, among other things, we amused ourselves with the echo, until at last, by dint of hearing its mysterious voice issue from the thickets, a sort of uneasy feeling came over us, we looked at each other in silence, as though there had been a third person with us in the wood; and then we scampered off with one accord to go and laugh further on at our foolish fear.

"In this way we came to a brook, too deep to be easily crossed, at least with dry feet. I immediately proposed to Louise that I should carry her over; I had done so a hundred times. She refused; and, whilst I looked at her in surprise, a deep blush overspread her face, whilst at the same time a thousand confused impressions sent the blood to my own cheeks. Something, as if it were a sense of shame, before unknown, made us both cast our eyes on the ground. I was thinking of making a bridge for her with some large stones, but, guessing from her gesture and from her embarrassment that she wished to bare her feet, I left her and went on.

"I soon heard her footsteps behind me, but I know not how it was, I was prevented by an unaccountable bashfulness from looking back, for fear of meeting her eye. As if we were agreed together on this point, she eluded that moment by hastening to put herself again at my side, and we walked on without saying a word, or thinking any more of the chalets. We left the path to them on our left hand, and struck into another that led back to the parsonage.

"Meanwhile, night had gradually overspread the plain, and the stars were shining in the sky; a few sounds, more or less distant, and the monotonous cry of the cuckoo, alone mingled its intervals with the evening silence. In places where the moon glittered through the leaves and branches, and then we passed again into deep obscurity, where the path was scarcely distinguishable from the dark sward beside it. Louise walked close beside me, and, hearing something rustling under a bush, she caught hold of my hand as if by an involuntary movement. A feeling of courage instantly took the place of the uneasiness I was beginning to share with her, and my heart beat with the sense of a wholly new pleasure.

"This little incident came as welcome relief to the embarrassment of our situation, and had in it something of the sweetness of a reconciliation. It had moreover a secret charm for me, as if she had had need of my protection, and I was a stay for her timid weakness. Availing myself of the darkness, which hindered her from discerning my emotions, I kept my eyes turned constantly towards her, notwithstanding that it was impossible for me to see

her. But I felt her presence the better, and I enjoyed with a more exquisite zest the fond feelings that possessed me.

"In this manner we reached the outskirts of the wood, where, coming again upon the open sky and the moonlight, I fell into another perplexity. It struck me that there was no longer any reason why I should keep hold of her hand, and yet I felt that I should be guilty of coldness or affectation if I withdrew my own; so that at that moment I could have wished with all my heart that her hand had quit mine of its own accord. I drew all sorts of inductions from the most impalpable movements of her fingers, and the most involuntary tremblings of my own caused me extreme emotion. By the greatest good fortune there was a stile in the way which we had to cross. I immediately let go Louise's hand, after having passed through a world of new and vivid feelings.

"A few moments afterwards we had arrived at the parsonage."

It is plain that he loves Louise, and not at all improbable that the sentiment is mutual. But the parish clerk is a stern, obdurate man. An expression let fall by him in an angry moment has painfully acquainted Charles with the fact that he is a foundling. The poor lad had never till that moment suspected this, so well had the good clergyman, M. Prevère, fulfilled for him the duties of an affectionate father. Is there any chance that he, the foundling, can aspire successfully to the hand of the daughter of the parish clerk? This is the perpetual theme of his meditations. The clouds are gathering over his destiny, and the storm is about to burst on the very day when we find him musing by the pond, and searing the ducks from their noontide slumbers. M. Prevère appears at a window of the parsonage. His air is pensive; and he looks down on Charles with an expression of sorrow on his grave, benevolent features. Charles, who has a presentiment of some unpleasant explanation, steals away before M. Prevère has had time to call him. He has not gone far, when he stumbles upon the parish clerk fast asleep under a bush. A letter, carelessly folded, is sticking out of his pocket. A letter! From whom can it be? Charles himself has his pockets full of letters, which he has been writing incessantly for the last six months, without even venturing to forward them. What if Louise had written, if the parish clerk had spoken to M. Prevère, and if this was what occasioned the pensive air of the kind pastor? His curiosity is aroused; he creeps cautiously about the sleeping clerk, and peeps at the letter in his pocket. Imagine his surprise and delight when he reads the address, in the hand-writing of Louise, "*à Monsieur Charles.*"

The temptation to possess himself of the precious document is great, but his habitual awe of the surly clerk prevails, and he only ventures to blow softly between the leaves, and try to squint at the writing. A word or two at the beginning, and as many at the end of the lines, are all he can make out, and it is easy to conceive that the ideas he collects from them are none of the clearest. But love is a great quickener of the wits, and Charles makes out a whole history from these disjointed fragments. Louise loves him—that is the main point; but something still remains obscure. She hints at an event about to take place, which gives her courage to break through the reserve she has hitherto imposed on her feelings. What can this mean? Just as he is about to explore the mystery, the clerk gives a grunt, turns over on his side, flings out his

heavy arm, and Charles is caught beneath it fast as in a trap. He escapes at last; and next we find him engaged in a conversation with M. Prevère, in which it is settled that Charles shall take his departure that very evening for Geneva, to complete his studies, and bid a long farewell to the parsonage, an eternal one to Louise and his dearest hopes. He sets out accordingly, and proceeds some way on his journey; but his thoughts are with the scenes he has left behind him, and at night his steps almost involuntarily followed the direction of his thoughts. He returns to bid a last farewell to the beloved spot, and to watch the last gleam of light shining through Louise's window. He narrowly avoids being surprised by the suspicious clerk, and has just time to conceal himself in the church, where, exhausted by the fatigues and emotions of the day, he falls fast asleep. He wakes at a late hour on the following morning. It is Sunday; the congregation are about to assemble, and it is now too late for him to escape. Fortunately, he recollects that the organ is undergoing repairs, and will not be played that day. He conceals himself in it, and overhears a conversation about himself, M. Prevère and the clerk. The conduct of the latter, in refusing his daughter's hand to a foundling, is cordially approved by his fellow-parishioners, though much compassionate sympathy is expressed for the poor harmless lad. At last, the pastor enters; the conversation ceases, and the service begins. M. Prevère read the usual prayers, but, contrary to his usual custom, he did not join in the psalmody. He looked dejected, and his eyes were bent alternately on Louise and on the empty seat which Charles used to occupy. After the last psalm he opened his Bible, and having read the text, "*Whoso receiveth one of these little ones in my name, receiveth me*," he poured forth his Christian sorrows in a stream of the noblest eloquence, simple and sublime, blending the loftiest tone of reproof with the humblest accents of a gentle, loving, and sorely afflicted heart. Louise is obliged to leave the church before the end of the sermon; the whole congregation are in tears, and the stubborn nature of the clerk himself is subdued. Three days afterwards, Charles, who had hastened straight to Geneva the moment he escaped from his hiding-place, received the following letter from Louise's father:—

"CHARLES—M. Prevère spoke of you yesterday in his sermon, and said things that grieved me, coming from so worthy a pastor. So, after service, finding him alone under the acacias, I took his hand, being hard set to speak, my heart was so big. 'Well, old friend,' says he to me, 'speak out; did you think I was too harsh?'—'It aint that,' said I; 'but I have repented since this morning, M. Prevère, or, for that matter, since last night. It's Sunday to-day, and I don't mean to take the sacrament till he comes back. Give him Louise.'

"With that we embraced, and I felt that I had done right, and I thank God for it for having enlightened me in time. M. Prevère talked to me after that. It was to tell me that you were to remain where you are, all the same, to learn a business. He will write to you, and so will Louise, when she has heard from you.

"By way of a token, Charles, I send you my watch, just as my father gave it to me. Jean Reynaud has cleaned it, and recommends that you should not lay it at night flat-ways, but hang it on a nail, in regard of the movement.

"Adieu, Charles. Be steady and diligent.

"REYBAZ."

"*Rosa et Gertrude*," our author's latest production, and the longest of his narrative compositions, is an exquisite tale, filled with the deepest pathos, and yet of no depressing tendency; on the contrary, the general impression it leaves on the reader's mind is that of temperate sadness, which naturally consorts with hope, fortitude, and discerning charity. The story is most effectively told, and with the greatest simplicity—two qualities that bespeak the consummate art of the writer. Its principal subject turns upon the old theme, the trusting innocence of woman's love betrayed by the perfidious cruelty of the accomplished hypocrite in passion. The narrator is a benevolent pastor, M. Bernier, one who is worthy to be the colleague of M. Prevère. Walking one day in a by-street of Geneva, he meets two young ladies, linked arm in arm, and struggling with low, cheery laughter against the gusts of wind that ruffled their drapery. After a little hesitation they take courage to accost M. Bernier: they are strangers, and have lost their way; the pastor accompanies them a short distance in the direction of their hotel, then quits them and proceeds on the business of his ministry to visit a dying man. Meanwhile the appearance of the young strangers has made a singular impression upon him, which he accounts for, on reflection, by the contrast which their light-hearted youth and beauty, and their gay and costly attire, presented to the scene of suffering and death with which his mind was occupied when he encountered them. He sees them again among his congregation in church, and is pleased with their modest and attentive demeanor. By-and-by the acquaintance ripens gradually into intimacy. The young ladies are quite alone in a town where they are total strangers, and the good clergyman cannot withhold from them the countenance and protection they meekly solicit at his venerable hands.

By degrees he learns their history. They belonged to two wealthy families of Brème, and had been inseparable friends from their earliest years. Rosa, the younger of the two, was married to M. le Comte de —, whom the two friends agreed in extolling as endowed with all the graces and virtues under heaven. He had unfortunately been obliged, by the unexpected death of his father at Hamburg, to leave his young wife at Geneva, whilst he proceeded to discharge the duties which had devolved on him through that melancholy event. His return had been expected for some time; he had ceased to write, and the two friends were greatly distressed by his prolonged absence, and his silence. To add to their perplexities, there was a young man residing in the same hotel, who, presuming on a slight acquaintance with M. le Comte, was so inconsiderate as to importune them with his visits at a time when they were manifestly indecorous. Their money was at last exhausted; no remittances reached them, and the landlord grew pressing. Thereupon the intrusive gentleman completed the impropriety of his conduct by officiously volunteering to pay their bill. The indecency of this proceeding made their longer stay in the hotel impossible. But then came the difficulty, how were they to discharge their debt? M. Bernier suggested the obvious expedient that they should write to their families; but that counsel was unavailing. Rosa's marriage had been a clandestine one; Gertrude had been instrumental in its accomplishment, and in the fervor of her romantic friendship had forsaken her family to be the constant witness of her Rosa's happiness. The clergyman's poor purse could afford them no help;

therefore, with M. Bernier's consent, they sold some of their trinkets, and retired to a modest lodging, which he procured for them in the house of an artisan, one of his parishioners.

This step was blameless, honorable, and evidently the most prudent they could take under the circumstances; and yet it became the occasion of fresh entanglements. The fact that they had sold their jewels was gossipped abroad, and added strength to the unfavorable conjectures induced by the singularity of their position. Scandal was busy with their names, and it was envenomed by the insidious arts of their persecutor of the hotel, who hoped to bring Gertrude down to such an abject state of despair as would put her wholly at his mercy. Troubles and humiliations of all sorts fall one after the other on the poor guileless young creatures, and on the good old clergyman, their protector. The skilful and easy manner in which all these details are managed, the natural sequency with which incident begets incident, gives to this part of the story a dramatic interest, of which it is hardly possible to convey an idea in a sketch like the present. The character of M. Bernier comes out with admirable distinctness and individuality in the course of the novel and most distressing struggle in which he is engaged, from the time when he issues forth from the hotel, amidst the jeers of the spectators, with his young *protégés* clinging to him on either side, to the day when, after every other door had been closed against them, he receives them into his own humble dwelling, in spite of the grave rebukes of his reverend brethren in the ministry. When at last poor Rosa's pregnancy becomes known to him, and his first impulse on recovering from the momentary stupor into which he is cast by this climax to his cares and afflictions, is to go and pronounce a fervent blessing on the young mother, the scene is perfectly sublime in its pathetic simplicity. The tragic interest of the story deepens continually from that moment, and with it our veneration for the lowly and endearing greatness of this good old man. The sympathy we feel for him sustains our attention beyond the atoning catastrophe with which the main action closes, up to the instant when he closes his recital, ten years after these events, and we leave him, at the age of eighty-three, like Töpfer's own father, seated between his son and Gertrude, with their children gathered round his knees. He is a real personage, like Parson Adams and Doctor Primrose; and the reader who has once made acquaintance with him will ever after retain an invincible conviction of his actual existence, all matter-of-fact evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. Such is the mysterious supremacy of genius, compelling us to own a faith in defiance of knowledge. It appears to have been a part of the author's purpose, in delineating this character, to show how much single-hearted steadfastness and plain good sense, matured by vigilant exercise in the obscurest walk of duty, transcend even in practical utility the most consummate worldly cunning and address, and how much surer and more successful guides they are through the tangled and thorny mazes of life. M. Bernier is the very reverse of a man of the world. In point of mere *knowingness*, he would be overmatched by many a twelve-year-old cockney or *gamin de Paris*; and yet whilst we smile at his primitive, unworldly ways, we find in the end that he is equal to every emergency, seizes every occasion by the right handle, and whatever course he adopts is invariably

the wisest and the best possible under the given circumstances.

The characters of Rosa and Gertrude are touched with scarcely less delicate discrimination and precision than that of M. Bernier. Rosa's marriage, we need hardly say, proves to have been a diabolical mockery. The truth slowly unfolds itself. Gertrude is the first to discern it; for adversity disenchanting her strong understanding from the delusions into which an enthusiastic temperament and desire to promote Rosa's happiness had betrayed her inexperience. Her fault had proceeded from the unwise indulgence of her disinterested affection; and as punishment visited her through the same channel with a life-long grief, wringing her heart at first with almost mortal anguish, but finally tempering and subliming her nature into what is most divine on earth, the embodied ideal of excelling womanhood. Rosa dies broken-hearted, but loving and trusting with unwavering fidelity to the last. She is spared the pain of reading, under the hand of her infernal betrayer, the boasting avowal of his guilt, which is seen by her friends after her death; and no proof short of that avails for a moment to shake her belief in his worth and in the sincerity of his passion. The sorrow that kills her cannot wring from her a word bearing the semblance of a reproach to her murderer. The unkindness that defeats her life has no power to wound her love. Her character, fond, confiding, utterly unselfish, and transparently ingenuous, seems an exact image of that of Desdemona, whom she resembles too in her one sin—filial disobedience—and its fatal consequences.

It was from a private meeting that "The French Academy" derived its origin, and the true beginners of that celebrated institution assuredly had no foresight of the object to which their conferences tended. Several literary friends at Paris, finding the extent of the city occasioned much loss of time in their visits, agreed to meet on a fixed day every week, and chose Courart's residence as central. They met for the purposes of general conversation, or to walk together, or, what was not least social, to partake in some refreshing collation. All being literary men, those who were authors submitted their new works to this friendly society, who, without jealousy or malice, freely communicated their strictures; the works were improved, the authors were delighted, and the critics were honest! Such was the happy life of the members of this private society during three or four years. Pelisson, the earliest historian of the French Academy, has delightfully described it: "It was such, that now, when they speak of these first days of the academy, they call it the golden age, during which, with all the innocence and freedom of that fortunate period, without pomp and noise, and without any other laws than those of friendship, they enjoyed together all which a society of minds, and a rational life, can yield of whatever softens and charms."—*D'Israeli*.

It is but reasonable to bear that accident patiently which God sends, since impatience does but entangle us, like the fluttering of a bird in a net, but cannot at all ease our trouble, or prevent the accident; it must be run through, and therefore it were better we compose ourselves to a patient than to a troubled and miserable suffering.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE MILLER'S NIECE.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

It is not without a purpose that we translate the facts upon which the following strange story is founded, out of the dry records of legal processes into a more popular style. As, however, we have no wish to surround the facts of the tale with an array of fictitious decoration, in order to fill a given number of pages, we shall throw aside all the devices of romantic narrative, and relate a singular case of circumstantial evidence in a very simple way.

Near to the town of C——, (now a flourishing place of manufacture,) in Yorkshire, there lived, in the last century, an old bachelor, who had thriven well as a miller. His name was John Smith; but he was generally known in his neighborhood only by the title of "Old Johnny." He was a man of, at least, average honesty, not ill-disposed, very illiterate, and wholly devoted to worldly gain. Old Johnny was never seen at church; his mill was his place of worship. He was a sincere money-worshipper; and never attempted to disguise the fact by contributions to any charities or religious institutions. He considered it to be man's business to get money and to keep it; and, if any one failed to do so, he regarded him as an unfortunate fellow or a simpleton. He said he could understand why the parson troubled himself about religion; it was his *business*, and every man ought to mind his business: but what had other people to do with it? This is almost all that we can learn of his character; but it is only fair to his memory to add, that some of the evidence before us shows that he could be sometimes kind to a neighbor, and that he was a good master. In person he was tall, stout, and good-looking. The house in which he lived was situated close behind his mill, on the bank of the river which flows at the foot of the hill on which the town is built. On that side of the stream, in Old Johnny's time, there were no other houses; but, within a stone-throw of his mill, on the side of the river nearer the town, there was a collection of cottages known by the name of Fording-place, and noted as a resort for vagabonds. About half a mile further up the river, there was a respectable house inhabited by Stephen Bracewell, an attorney, and his only son Richard, who belonged to the same profession. But to return to Old Johnny's house: it was one of those substantial stone-built farm-houses, with a large porch, low windows, and stone floors, which are still to be seen in many of the rural districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Within all was clean and bright, and bore witness to the fact, that though Old Johnny had never considered matrimony a profitable business, he could appreciate the advantages of having a tidy housekeeper. The kitchen, where Old Johnny generally sat, was a spacious apartment, with a floor of flag-stones, well washed, scoured with sand-stone, and sprinkled over with sand every morning. In the capacious window-seat were some flower-pots. On a wooden rack, suspended from the ceiling, hung oat-cakes. Hams were hung in the chimney, and fitches of bacon lined the white-washed walls. Such was the apartment where Old Johnny would sit during the greater part of the Sunday when the mill was not going, requiring neither the solace of a pipe nor a book to help his meditation, and only giving, now and then, a slight symptom of *ennui*, by wishing to hasten on the heavy finger of the old clock towards

the hour of dinner or supper. "Margaret," he would sometimes say, "I'm thinking again the auld clock must be losing time."

This brings us to the miller's niece, who presided over his domestic economy. Margaret was a sensible, shrewd, and well-domesticated young woman, the only relative of whom the old man took any notice, and had made herself seem indispensable to the miller's comfort by her good management of his household. In person she was of rather low stature and full womanly form, of a dark complexion, with good features, dark gray eyes, and dark brown hair, with a strong curl in it. There was only one point of disagreement between the miller and his niece, and this was in the encouragement which she gave to the addresses of Richard, the son of the attorney whom we have mentioned. Though Richard was a young man of good character, he had no great worldly prospects; besides, in some business which they had transacted together, Old Johnny had quarrelled with Stephen Bracewell. This, added to his dislike of losing a good housekeeper, made the miller violently opposed to the proposed match, and he never failed to show a discontented aspect when Richard had visited the mill. Besides this opposition, Richard had to encounter a rival candidate for Margaret's hand in a man of a very singular character. There lived a few woollen-weavers at Fording-place, and among them was a man rather beyond the middle age, of the name of Singleton. In some way he had acquired more knowledge than his neighbors; for he could read, and even write. He was a tall, gaunt figure, with a meagre face, a high-crowned head, and eyes habitually turned upwards. His hopeless passion for Margaret, or some other cause, had impaired his intellect, and he excited the curiosity of his neighbors by the accounts of his "visions," which he committed to paper, and in which Margaret often, much to her own dissatisfaction, played the most prominent part. Though certainly crazy, he was frequently consulted as a medical adviser by his ignorant neighbors, and even by people who came from a distance for the purpose; for he was deep in all the mysteries of an old herbal, which told wondrous tales of the "starry influences" of Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and all the other planets upon medicinal plants.

In this collection of cottages there was one miserable old house, notorious throughout the neighborhood as the resort of a gang of very disorderly characters. An old woman, of a most unfavorable aspect, with her daughter Nell, a stout, bold-looking young termagant, were the tenants of this old building, in which they sheltered a party of vagabonds, of whom the two most notorious were known by the names of Will and Ned Crooks. A frequent visitor at this infamous abode was a young man of the most dissolute character, whose relatives kept a public-house in the town. He had, it appears, some independent property, which he consumed among the basest of companions in the practice of the lowest debauchery. There is nothing in the details before us to tempt us any further into the description of the set of characters implicated in our story.

Old John the miller had frequently had serious disputes with the inmates of Nell Crooks' establishment on account of their inroads upon his property; and, at the time when our story opens, he had threatened a prosecution against the brothers, Will and Ned, for stealing his poultry.

It was in the afternoon of a November day that

young Nell made her appearance at the mill, to urge a petition, in behalf of her friends, that Margaret would persuade the "auld fellow" not to proceed with the prosecution. "The like o' him, wi' all his brass," said she, "to be making all this clatter aboot a couple o' fools! And the lad that stole them, if stolen they be, is far away out of the country, I'll warrant ye."

Margaret only answered that she should not interfere in the business at all; but that her uncle's patience was quite worn out by the numerous depredations made upon his property. Still the stout young advocate urged her petition—"Well, let him keep his tongue aboot this, then, and we'll never plague him mair. Wha'd be for setting a' the country after twa young lads for sich a thing as a bantam chick!"

But Margaret still persisted in her refusal, and, after trying in vain the force of a climax of entreaties, Nell had recourse to abusive and threatening speeches. "May be," said she, "there's that ye ken aboot, Mistress Margaret, that would fash the auld man far waur than his fools, gin ye kenn'd it. And let them as meddles so much with ither take care of their own business, like. There's master Richard—I could say a thing aboot him ye wad'na like to hear; but ye shall just find it out as ye may."

This insinuation called forth a very angry and indignant reply from Margaret, which only heightened the fury of the unhappy girl, who poured forth volley after volley of gross abuse, and retired at last across the ford, still shouting threats and imprecations, and shaking her fist violently towards the miller's house.

In the evening of the same day, both Margaret and her uncle went out to transact some little business with a man who rented a small piece of land belonging to the miller. The house of this little farmer was situated up in the fields, about half a mile distant from the mill. The path to it led along by the mill-stream, as far as a little copse, where the stream joined its parent river, from which it had been separated awhile that it might turn Old Johnny's wheel. Little did the old miller suppose, as he crossed the plank over his mill-stream, in good health and in good humor, except with regard to the stolen poultry, that he should never cross it again! At the farmer's house he drank, during his talk on business, rather more than his usual quantity of good ale; but, when he left the house, he flung aside the proffered assistance of Margaret's arm.

"Nay, lass," said he, "I can find my way to the mill, I'll warrant ye, without being led like a bairn."

The night was misty, and Margaret frequently lost sight of her uncle's figure, as he walked a few yards in advance; but he now and then declared his presence by breaking forth in some half-tipsy ejaculation:—"I'll clear the neighborhood of the thieves—and of the lawyers too! Mind thee, Meg, if I catch Master Richard at the mill again, if I don't clout him!"

About half-past nine o'clock Margaret arrived at home, and immediately asked the servant-maid if her uncle had not just entered the house, when the housekeeper answered "No;" but added, that a young man had shortly before crossed the mill-stream, and gone over the ford. The niece expressed some surprise, but said that her uncle must be somewhere about the premises, and would soon

be coming in. Half an hour passed away, and then a footstep was heard in the porch.

"That is not the master," said the servant-maid.

"No," said Margaret, "it is Richard Bracewell," as she rose and opened the door for her visitor.

Shortly afterwards the servant-maid left the house, professing to feel great anxiety on account of her master's non-appearance. She did not enter the house again until Richard Bracewell had departed. When she came in Margaret asked, "Have you seen my uncle?"

"No," replied Susan.

"Then have you seen Master Richard Bracewell?"

"No," said Susan.

"Strange!" exclaimed Margaret; "for he has just left the house to search for my uncle."

"Then he has not crossed the ford," said Susan, "for I have only just now come over."

"But what should you be doing on the other side of the river?" said Margaret.

"Why, looking for my master, to be sure," the girl replied.

"Why should you think he had crossed the ford?" said Margaret.

"Nay, gracious Heaven only knows where he is," said the girl, with a confused look.

We pass over the further conversation at the mill as the night wore on, and the master of the house did not appear, and turn our attention to another scene.

In introducing the reader to the conversation which took place at Nell Crooks' house on the evening of the miller's mysterious disappearance, we shall omit all the gross expletives and interjections with which the heroes who frequented this den of vice thickly strewed their remarks, and only give the substance of their speeches, which is necessary to explain our story.

"Then you protest and swear to me, Ned Crooks, that you have not seen Will Naylor this day?" said Nell the younger, (who, by the by, was *not* the daughter of the old woman who kept the house.)

"I have not set eyes upon the man this day," said the individual addressed.

"And you tell me that this young limb of the law is on the look-out after him! What should that be for?"

"Nay, I have business enough of my own to look after," said Ned; "but this much I can tell ye, young Bracewell has been after him all this day, and called at the Black Dog for him this evening. You know Will is in debt all over the town, and it's not bad to guess what business a lawyer nas with him."

Here followed several violent execrations on the whole tribe of lawyers, magistrates, and prosecutors, with which we need not garnish our pages.

"And what did the lawyer say to Will, at the Black Dog?" Nell asked.

"Why, he asked after Naylor, to be sure; but Will would know nothing of him."

"I'll tell ye what," exclaimed Nell, with great violence, "I've done more, and put up with more, for that Will than for any man alive; but if he has laid a finger upon Naylor, I'll sing out, as sure as I'm a woman!"

"You'll hold your noise—that you will," answered Ned, with equal violence; but he added, in a softer tone—"Is it likely Will would be such a fool as to touch Naylor? What good could that do

him? Is it not enough to account for Naylor's being shy, when this young limb o' the law is hunting the country for him?"

This turned the violent execrations of the girl again upon young Bracewell, and she was in the midst of a violent denunciation of the brood of lawyers, when Susan, the servant at the mill, burst into the room.

"What's the matter, Suky?" said Ned; "has your young jade of a mistress turned you out of doors this misty night?"

"No—that's not it," said the girl, in breathless agitation; "but something's up at the mill."

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed Nell fiercely; "the mistress is in trouble, is she? I told her something would come upon her this very afternoon."

"Nay, I don't know as mistress is in trouble," said the girl with a knowing look; "she takes it very coolly to be sure; but master is lost!"

"Master lost! how! when?" exclaimed Ned.

"Nay, how I can't say," replied the girl; "but there it is. He went out and has n't come home yet."

"Went out! where! Did he go alone?" Ned asked in a breath.

"Well, not a word must you breathe to a living creature," said the girl; "but here it is. About six o'clock he went out with mistress, to call on old Rob Wilkinson, I believe, and about ten minutes since, in comes mistress all alone, and asks me if I'd seen master. I told her 'No.' Then she sits down coolly till somebody comes to the door. 'That is n't uncle,' says she, 'it's Richard Bracewell;' and so she goes to the door, and he comes in, looking tired and flushed-like; and there I've left them, just now, sitting together. But say not a word about it. There's something up, as I guess, and now I must be off; for she never sent me to look after master."

So saying, the girl left Ned and Nell to moralize on the news she had brought.

For three days no tidings were heard either of the dissolute Will Naylor, or of the old miller; and all the neighborhood was full of excitement about these mysterious disappearances. We need not relate the conduct of Richard Bracewell and Margaret at this time, as it will be told in the sequel. The excitement of the people rose higher, when it was observed that Will Crooks was also missing. But on the evening of the third day the whole neighborhood was amazed by a singular incident.

Jonas Singleton, the crazy weaver, was in the habit, when his work was done, of taking a walk in the fields, over the ford, (no matter what the weather might be,) either for the purpose of seeing "visions," (as he called his hallucinations,) or of collecting medicinal herbs at the proper conjunction of the planets, or at the right age of the moon. This subserviency to some imaginary laws of nature, or impressions upon his imagination, was characteristic of his mental infirmity. He frequently returned from one of these rambles with a long story of some "vision" he had seen in the fields, and in which realities and strange fancies were most curiously intermingled. Accounts of these "visions" he would write out in a fair, legible hand; then throw them aside and soon forget them, or give them to the first person who asked him if he had any "new visions!" Sometimes he would put one of his papers into the hand of a child, telling him to give it to his father, and saying, "there is something in it which concerns him." He also had frequently sent his papers through the hands

of Susan to her mistress, until Margaret had forbidden the girl to receive any more of them. It was a curious circumstance, that he generally prefaced these visions with a statement of the exact spot on which he stood, and of the quarter of the heavens towards which his face was turned. Thus he would begin—"Standing in the west corner of the miller's field, near the copse, (where the cuckoo-pint flourishes,) moon in her first quarter—hazy weather—face south-south-west—I saw," &c. Though he wrote down these "visions" with all possible solemnity, he must have had some lurking sense of their unreality, as he betrayed no emotion even when he had seen "burials of his neighbors," &c. He seldom communicated any of his visions in any other way than by writing, and, as the whole neighborhood was accustomed to his marvellous stories, if he had reported that he had discovered a chest of gold in the field, nobody would have run to look after it. But, on the evening of the third day after the miller's disappearance, this eccentric visionary returned from his usual ramble with an altered demeanor, excited and perturbed, so that he could hardly speak articulately. He seemed to have made some discovery which urged him to speak, and, when his strange conduct had excited the curiosity of some neighbors who gathered round him, he burst forth with a revelation which astonished all present. "In the corner of the miller's field," said he, "just where the mill-stream flows by the copse, there lies in the water the body of old John Smith. Why he lies there, Mistress Margaret must tell; or, perhaps, Master Richard Bracewell may be able to give some information upon it, as he is a lawyer."

This sounded like a reality, and several of the hearers ran immediately, in the greatest excitement, to the place specified, and found that Singleton had, for once, seen nothing more than the fact. There, in the mill-stream, darkly shaded by overhanging boughs, lay the swollen corpse of the miller. The face was livid, and there were marks of bruises upon the temples.

By this time, the magistrate had heard of the occurrence, and issued orders that the body should be conveyed to a room beneath the town-hall. The coroner's inquest sat upon it the next day, and a verdict was returned, "Found in the mill-stream at the foot of the miller's field; but how the deceased came there, the jury cannot say."

Meanwhile, great excitement was felt throughout the neighborhood, on account of the continued absence of Richard Bracewell, Will Crooks, and Will Naylor. At Fording-place the "visions" of Singleton and the insinuations of Nell had worked up the people to such a fury against Richard Bracewell and Margaret, that the latter was hardly safe in the mill; and, accordingly, Mr. Bracewell, the elder, gave her shelter in his house. This only increased the popular rancor, and many said this was too barefaced!

To gain an insight into the progress of the plot, we must again condescend to enter the habitation of Nell Crooks. Young Nell had secretly left the house; and Ned was conversing with the old woman on the probable consequences of her departure. "That girl," said he, "has got the devil in her about Will Naylor, and she will not care if she says as much as may stretch our necks."

Old Nell replied, by execrations poured forth upon Will Crooks, Will Naylor, and the girl. But we need not write out the details of the conversation which followed.

Meanwhile, the "visions" of Singleton continued

to excite popular curiosity, and several of his papers were circulated in the town. We may give a specimen of these inimitable productions; for though they did not furnish any legal evidence against Margaret and Bracewell, they perhaps hastened the interference of the magistracy, by the clamors which they raised against the unhappy individuals among the people. Here follows a verbatim copy of one of these documents:—

"I, Jonas Singleton, do hereby solemnly declare as follows:—I was standing in the low, west corner of the miller's field, on the evening of the 12th of November—weather very hazy—face south-east—near the copse where the mill-stream runs into the river. (N.B.—There is *devil's bit* growing about the copse—this plant, if you pull it up, you will see that a part of the root is always bitten off; and it is said that the devil, being envious of its great virtues in certain diseases, did bite off the same, and from this it has its name.) I saw old Rob Wilkinson walking across the pasture, and he came up to me and said, 'That was an unlucky night for Old John.' Then I said, 'Who will be the heir to the property?' and he said, 'You must ask lawyer Bracewell; for he has the will.'—Vanished!—Then Margaret came out of the copse, and I said, 'This is a bad business about your uncle, Margaret—you should have nothing to do with young lawyers.' Then she said, 'Hush! or he will hear you!' and, just then, young Richard Bracewell came out of the copse, holding a large stick in his hand, and told me to say nothing of what I had seen.—Vanished!—"

It is worthy of remark, that so great was the credulity and rashness of the common people, that, although this man had brought home a hundred stories of men whom he had seen dead, while they were alive and well, and of other unreal wonders, yet they attached great importance to his revelations respecting the old miller's death, and even began to cry out, that it was a shame such wretches as Margaret and Bracewell were allowed to be at liberty.

On the 14th day of November, Richard Bracewell returned, wet and weary, late in the evening, to his father's house. When this became known, and it was also circulated by the zealous Susan, that Mr. Bracewell had ransacked all the chests and drawers at the mill, and that Margaret had taken with her several valuable articles, popular indignation knew no bounds. A new excitement was raised when Will Crooks, on the following day, reappeared at the house of old Nell. His first question was if master Bracewell had returned, and this was soon answered by the entrance of the person in question, attended by his father.

"Now, Will Crooks," said the younger Bracewell, "I wish to ask you, for the last time, if you can tell me anything of Naylor?"

"Get out of the house, you villains, that have lived by the law, and yet will die on the gallows!" screamed old Nell.

Will Crooks refused to utter a word respecting Naylor, and told Bracewell to look to his "own business," which was "ugly enough."

Further altercation was prevented by the entrance of the officers of justice, who at once apprehended all the parties present, on suspicion of having been concerned in the death of John Smith, and the disappearance of William Naylor.

In the morning of the same day, young Nell had laid a statement before the magistrate, that, on the evening of the miller's disappearance, young Bracewell had been drinking with Will Crooks at the

Black Dog, and that both left the house together, about half-past eight o'clock. She had also repeated all that Susan had told of the conduct of her mistress on that fatal evening. On these grounds a warrant had been issued for the apprehension of the two Bracewells, Margaret, and Will Crooks. On the next day an examination of the prisoners took place. Mr. Bracewell the elder was liberated on bail, on account of the statement of his housekeeper, which asserted an *alibi*; but the others were sent to the prison, and fully committed to take their trial at the York assizes.

Shortly afterwards, Ned Crooks, and the old mistress of the infamous establishment at Fording-place, were apprehended on suspicion. The prisoners were removed to York Castle, and placed in separate cells.

Meanwhile the rumor of the case excited the greatest curiosity throughout the country. Stories of Singleton's "visions" were circulated in such a magnified shape, that the crazy weaver gained the title of a prophet, and the coming trial was expected with great eagerness by people of all ranks in society. We only give a brief summary of the remarkable trial which was the result of these circumstances. The bills against Mr. Bracewell the elder, old Nell Crooks, Ned Crooks, and young Nell, were ignored; but true bills were found against Richard Bracewell, jun., Margaret Smith, and William Crooks, for having been concerned in the death of John Smith.

During the interval between the commitment and the assizes, Mr. Bracewell, senior, was actively engaged in collecting witnesses for his son and Margaret Smith. Richard determined to conduct his own defence.

CHAPTER II.

On the day of trial the court was crowded, and many well-dressed ladies were observed in the audience. Judge Heath was a man whose character inclined to severity.

A death-like stillness pervaded the court, when the prisoners were called forth and conducted to the bar. All eyes were instantly turned upon them, and a half-suppressed exclamation of surprise broke forth. Richard Bracewell appeared deadly pale; but stood firmly, and looked respectfully, yet unwaveringly, upon the members of the jury. Margaret looked modestly downwards, and her cheeks were flushed; but when, now and then, she lifted her eyes to confront a witness, it was with a calm and steady expression. Will Crooks presented, in his whole person and demeanor, a striking contrast to his fellow-prisoners. He attempted, sometimes, to assume an air of defiance; but his boldness was evidently superficial; his eyes could find no place of rest; he stared, winked, looked at the floor, then at the ceiling, then at the counsel for the prosecution, and changed his attitude every minute, but never blushed.

The first indictment was read, charging all the three prisoners at the bar with having been concerned in causing the death of John Smith, miller, &c., by drowning or other means.

To this all the prisoners pleaded "not guilty;" and Crooks spoke in a tone of voice as firm and steady as that of his companions at the bar.

Sergeant Jackson was employed for the prosecution, and, amid profound stillness, opened the statement of the case:—

"I feel this to be a case," said he, "gentlemen

of the jury, in which our respective duties, though very solemn and important, are also very clear—we have to attend to facts: I have to *state* them, as clearly as I can, and you have to *consider* them, and judge whether or not they leave room for any reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoners at the bar. Your most minute attention is required to every particular in the statement; and I doubt not that you will give it, as you feel your responsibility to the public, and to your own consciences. Without further preface, then, I proceed with the statement of the case. The deceased, John Smith, into whose sudden disappearance and death we have to inquire, was a respectable man, esteemed by his neighbors, and having as few enemies as a man can hope to have, who is at all engaged in worldly business. His habits were remarkably regular, and among them was noticeable his attention to the old maxim of “early to bed and early to rise.” It may be confidently stated that he did not return to his house at an unseasonably late hour half-a-dozen times in his life. It is important to notice a man's character and habits of life, when we are required to consider the circumstances of his disappearance. There are some men who can stay out all night without exciting any remarkable alarm or surprise, (a laugh,) but there are many witnesses to prove to you that the deceased, John Smith, of Fording-place Mill, was never a man of that character. I shall now proceed to notice all the circumstances of his disappearance, before I make any remark upon the conduct of the prisoners at the bar. On the 7th day of November last, he left his house in company with his niece and housekeeper, Margaret Smith, to walk to the cottage of his tenant, Robert Wilkinson. This cottage is about half-a-mile distant from Fording-place Mill. There are no intermediate houses; nor is there a path except between the two places just mentioned. The path runs along by the side of the mill-stream as far as the copse where the stream joins the river, and then turns up to Wilkinson's cottage. At the house of Wilkinson the deceased transacted his business in a cheerful and good-humored way, and having taken a little refreshment, departed to walk back to the mill with his niece. But he never reached his home! On the evening of the third day after this event, his body was found lying in the mill-stream, beside the copse just mentioned, livid and swollen, and with some marks of contusions on the face, apparently having been several days in the water. I must say a word with respect to the spot where the body was found. You must observe that the copse I have mentioned is situated between the path and the mill-stream, so that a person must go through the copse to get to the stream at that spot where the body was found. This spot is about a hundred yards' distance from the mill, and almost that distance from the plank across the mill-stream, over which the parties must pass. The stream at this place (by the copse, I mean) is overshadowed by boughs, and, as no person has any business there, it is not remarkable that the body should lie undiscovered from Tuesday until Friday evening. The person who discovered it on the evening of the 10th of November last, is a man well known in the neighborhood, and addicted to botany and other more peculiar studies, which accounts for his being in the fields so late. And now I must turn to relate the conduct of other persons relative to this matter; and, first, I must beg you to notice the conduct of the prisoner at the bar, most intimately connected

with the deceased. We do not see facts fairly without a view of their antecedents: and I feel it, therefore, my duty to state fully the relation in which the prisoner at the bar stood to the deceased before the night in question. The prisoner, Margaret Smith, had resided at the mill, as her uncle's housekeeper, for upwards of five years. It was generally allowed that she had been a diligent and good housekeeper, and there was but one point—but a very serious one—upon which the deceased had expressed himself as dissatisfied with her conduct; this was the encouragement which she gave to the addresses of a person disapproved by the deceased—

Here Counsellor Atkinson, who was engaged for the defence of Margaret, interposed to complain that the learned sergeant was interfering with matters irrelevant to the case. Richard looked indignantly, and Margaret just raised her eyes to cast a reproachful glance on the counsel for the prosecution as he continued—

“I must contend that I am only stating what is necessary for a fair understanding of a case dependent on circumstantial evidence; but to proceed—On the night of the disappearance of the deceased, the prisoner Margaret Smith arrived at the mill, and was met by the servant-maid, to whom she addressed, in a very cool manner, the inquiry, ‘Has not my uncle arrived yet?’ Shortly afterwards, a noise was heard at the door, when the prisoner remarked, with equal coolness, ‘That is Richard Bracewell;’ and it does not appear that during that night she made any attempt to find, or cause to be found, her missing uncle. It must also be observed, that very shortly after the arrival of the prisoner Margaret Smith, the prisoner Richard Bracewell also arrived at the mill. Very shortly afterwards he also was missing from the country, and did not appear again until the 14th of the same month. About the same time William Crooks, the third prisoner at the bar, was missing from his accustomed haunts, and he returned to the house of Ellen Crooks, at Fording-place, one day after the return of Bracewell. You will hear witnesses who will sufficiently prove to you, that, on the evening of the deceased's disappearance, the prisoners Bracewell and Crooks were drinking together in a wayside tavern, the Black Dog, situated about half-a-mile from the spot where the body of John Smith was found, and that they left the house together about half-past eight o'clock on the same evening. Observe, at half-past nine, or a few minutes later, Bracewell and Margaret Smith met at the mill, and by the time when the servant returned to the house, Bracewell had disappeared. Such are the leading facts of the case, and I do not wish to add many remarks to them. You have to consider how you can best account for them by the rules of rational probability. Did the deceased commit suicide? The suspicion, I firmly believe, has never been entertained by any individual. He was not the man to commit suicide. Healthy, prosperous, and on good terms with the world and with himself, he naturally loved life. Besides, he would not have taken his niece with him for such a purpose. But the supposition is too unreasonable to demand a word further. Did he meet with his death by accident? Did he, in walking home with his niece, stray through the copse, and fall into the mill-stream, and yet all so quietly and suddenly that his attendant never observed it? I say it with grief; but I cannot see a possibility of such an occurrence. Was he murdered by persons unknown and unap-

prehended? or was the conduct of the prisoners at the bar, immediately subsequent to his disappearance, of such a nature as to admit of no explanation except by the supposition of their guilt? These are the questions, gentlemen of the jury, which I suggest for your most serious consideration; and your attention to the particulars stated by the several witnesses will, I believe, enable you to come to a just determination." Thus the learned serjeant concluded his statement.

The first witness called was Susan Holmes, formerly a servant at the mill. The substance of her statement was as follows:

"I lived, for a year and a month, servant under Margaret Smith at the mill. I was generally on good terms with my mistress. I believe she has a hot temper, and does not like to be contradicted." (Here Counsellor Atkinson interposed to complain of the questions.) "I believe there was unpleasantness sometimes between master and mistress about Richard Bracewell. It had been getting worse, I think, a little before master disappeared. I was in the house all the time while master and mistress went to Robert Wilkinson's. Mistress came in about half-past nine. It was later than I expected. She looked rather warm as I should say. I don't think her face is easily colored by a little walking or any sort of work. She asked me if master had come in—did not seem much surprised when I told her 'No.' She opened the door for Richard Bracewell. She had not been in the house five minutes when he came in. He looked flushed—not very much in liquor, I should say. He could walk steadily. I had seen a man cross the plank over the mill-stream just before mistress came in. You can see the plank from the kitchen window. I am sure it was not master. It was a misty night, but I could see his figure, and by his walking quickly I judged it was a young man. I cannot say it was Richard Bracewell."

Cross-examined by Counsellor Atkinson.—"I went out soon after Richard Bracewell came in. I called at Nell Crooks': I had been there before. Edward Crooks never paid me particular attentions. Young Nell was at home, and I talked with her awhile. When I returned I did not see Bracewell. I have been to Nell Crooks' several times since then."

During the examination of this witness, Margaret kept her eyes steadfastly fixed on her face; and it was observed that the girl looked very much confused when confessing her visits to Nell Crooks' house.

The next witness called was Thomas Batters, the landlord of the Black Dog.

Examined by Mr. Bailey.—"The prisoners, Richard Bracewell and William Crooks, were at my house on the evening of the 7th of November last. They drank two quarts of ale between them. Crooks had been at the house nearly all day. Bracewell came in about half-past seven o'clock. They left the house about half-past eight. They were not drunk. Crooks had been at my house the evening before with William Naylor, the young man who is missing. I cannot say how much ale they drank that night, the 6th of November. They went away very late. It was past midnight. Naylor was very drunk. He could not have walked without Crooks' assistance. I have never seen Naylor since he left my house with Crooks that evening. He was generally drunk. He spent a great deal of money; more than his own independent property would cover, I believe. Brace-

well has never been at my house since the 7th of November."

Jane Hartley, Mr. Bracewell's housekeeper, was next examined.

"I have lived at Mr. Bracewell's, the attorney's, now for more than three years. Richard, the prisoner at the bar, I have always considered a steady young man. He took his dinner at home on the 7th of November. After dinner I did not see him again until late at night. He came in flushed and seeming tired; did not take any supper, but drank a tankard of ale. He went out, soon after breakfast, on the morning of the 8th, and I did not see him again until the 14th day of November."

Robert Wilkinson, a small farmer, was then placed in the box.

"I rented a few acres of land under the deceased, John Smith. He was at my house on the evening of the 7th of November last. I paid him a small account for meal and bran. He was in very good spirits and took some ale. I cannot say justly how much; but it might be something more than three half-pints. It was not small beer. My wife generally brews good ale. I don't often take more than a pint of it at a time. The deceased, John Smith, often called at my house. I never knew him to be out late at night. He was no ways given to drink. His niece, Margaret, did not say much while she was in my house with him. They seemed good friends when they left. I saw nothing of John after that, until I saw his body in the mill-stream just by the copse."

When the examination of the witness had closed, Jonas Singleton was called for, and there was a murmur through the court—"The prophet! the wise man of Fording-place!" as he appeared. Counsellor Atkinson immediately rose to object to the examination of this witness, on the ground of his mental incompetency; but this objection was overruled by Serjeant Jackson's assertion that there was no proof of such incompetency, and, accordingly, Singleton was examined. He gave a rational account of his discovery of the corpse, and was then cross-examined by Counsellor Atkinson, who handed to him a paper containing the "vision" which we have narrated.

"Now, sir, is that your handwriting?"

"I believe it is."

"You there state that on the night of the 12th of November last you saw the prisoners, Richard Bracewell and Margaret Smith, near the copse so often mentioned in the Miller's field. Now, I ask you, did you see them *bodily* as you saw the corpse of the miller in the stream on the evening of the 10th of November last?"

"I saw them, as it were, *in a vision*," said Singleton.

"And may I ask you, have you not often seen in your 'visions' people whose bodies were, at the same time, a hundred miles distant?"

"Yes; they come to me in visions." (A laugh.)

"Very well; and have you not seen people walking and heard them talking who had been buried for some years?"

"I, perhaps, have; but I forget many things."

"You have seen King George, I believe, in the miller's field aforesaid?"

Serjeant Jackson objected to this leading question.

"I must persist," said Counsellor Atkinson, "in showing the court the general incapacity of the witness to give sound evidence in any case; and for this purpose I claim permission to read over

some papers which I hold in my hand, and which are all in the handwriting of the witness, Jonas Singleton, as he will allow." The counsellor here handed the papers to Singleton, who looked over them, and confessed that they were all in his handwriting.

"My lord," said the counsel for the defence, turning to the judge, "you must have patience with me for reading these strange papers, as I shall afterwards show that they bear very seriously upon the case." He then read the following papers:—

"September 3d.—Moon's second quarter—likely to have much rain. I was in the Brigg Close near the river—much colt's-foot grows about there—face due north—very cloudy sky. I saw a man like little Wiggins the quack doctor coming over the field; and, now and then, he stooped down and gathered up something—herbs very likely. When he came to me he said, 'There is an herb of rare virtues in this field that you know nothing of.' I asked him if he would tell me what it was. He said he would if I would promise him only one thing. I asked him what that was. 'It is,' said he, 'that you will never pay any more attentions to Margaret.' I said, 'No!'—vanished!" (Great laughter in the court.)

At the mention of her name, Margaret blushed; but seemed to have some difficulty in suppressing a smile. Young Bracewell smiled openly as the paper was read. The counsellor then took up another paper and read:—

"September 7.—I was in the 'high-field,' about seven o'clock—heard the town clock strike, and old Jemmy the sexton came to me and said, 'Some very great person is dead.' I asked him who! but he could not tell me the name. Then I saw Will Crooks and two boys getting through a hedge; and Susan Holmes came up and said some hens had been stolen from the mill, and her mistress was very mad about them. Vanished! then I saw, down in the miller's field, Richard Bracewell walking very fast to the mill. Vanished!"

"Of such materials," said the counsellor, "are the rest of these papers composed; and I leave it to the jury to consider what attention should be paid to the statements of the witness who wrote them."

Robert Walker, surgeon, was next examined, and stated as follows:—

"I saw the body of the deceased, John Smith, on the eleventh of November, but did not open it. I cannot say there were marks from blows upon the head or face. The skin was discolored; but it might be the effect of immersion in water. The body had evidently been in the water a considerable time. I should say as long as two or three days."

Thus ended the statements for the prosecution; and when Counsellor Atkinson, a rising young man, stood up to begin the defence, there was great excitement, especially among the ladies in the court. Margaret now raised her head and looked at the young counsellor with some expression of hopefulness in her countenance, as he began to speak.

"It is hard to conceive," said he, "of two persons placed in a situation more interesting and awful than that of the two individuals at the bar. But I must also remind you, gentlemen of the jury, that if there ever was a case when you needed to feel the weightiest responsibility, and to exercise the utmost caution in estimating the true import of the facts laid before you, it is now. Two persons in the bloom of life stand before you, and in such circumstances, that it rests with your verdict either to

restore them to life, and the prospect of happiness, or to consign them to an early and dishonorable grave. Dreadful would be the mistake caused by presumption, were a court of justice, summoned to protect society from convicted offenders against human rights and interests, to warrant the execution of two unoffending persons, and thus deprive, forever, human society of two worthy members! To guard against such a fearful and irreparable injury, our law has wisely determined that, where there is doubt left by the evidence of a case, the prisoner shall have the benefit of the doubt. Gentlemen of the jury, before I proceed to examine the real value of the statement made by the learned serjeant for the prosecution, I must most earnestly protest against a remark which fell, I would hope, unadvisedly, from his lips. 'You have to consider,' said the learned serjeant, 'how you can best account for these facts by the rules of rational probability.' I deny the principle altogether. It has no right to be harbored for a moment in a court of justice. No, no! gentlemen, you have not to account for the facts stated. You are not, as it has been insinuated, driven to the dilemma of either convicting the prisoners at the bar, or else giving some more rational account of the disappearance of the deceased. You have only to determine whether the evidence laid before you contains clear and indubitable proof of the guilt of the prisoners.

"Gentlemen, the counsel for the prosecution travelled back, I think unnecessarily, to state particulars respecting the parties at the bar which are irrelevant to the case; and he has thus compelled me to travel a little further still, and to estimate the real value of the particulars thus stated, in the light of the characters of the parties concerned. I can conceive no worse state of society than one in which the testimony of general character is distrusted or easily thrown aside, on account of a few unfavorable appearances. Why, the best man among us, judged in this fashion, would not be safe. I say the best man living may be in the midst of circumstances that might tell against him, if his general character were never taken into account. A hundred little things unnoticed every day would swell into importance, when a criminal charge was preferred. What is the value of the particulars stated? These young persons wished to marry, and the deceased, it appears, was opposed to the match. Well; what of that? Such circumstances are found in hundreds of households in this country, and yet murder is not likely to be the result. There may, possibly, be found among the fair auditors in this assembly, some who differ from their uncles or guardians respecting matrimony; but they never dream of solving the difficulty by murder: and why should you entertain the thought that ever the prisoners at the bar cherished such a design? I say you have no proof of it; and the suspicion ought to be at once removed from your minds, and the evidence brought forward should be looked at alone, and not in an unfavorable light reflected from such a suspicion. Banish it, then, gentlemen, from your minds. Remember that, just in proportion as the evidence for the prosecution is vague and uncertain, the weight of the general character of the accused person ought to tell against such evidence. Let us, then, look at the general character of the accused, Margaret Smith. Even the witnesses against her cannot deny that it was irreproachable. So well and satisfactorily did she perform the duties of housekeeping, so valuable had she made herself to her deceased uncle, that his principal

ground of opposition to her projected marriage was his unwillingness to part with such a good and faithful mistress of his household. If there is a sure mark of goodness of internal character among women, it is surely in the self-sacrificing, constant devotion to the welfare of a household. A woman who shows such a spirit is not likely suddenly—no! not at the call of opposed love—to conceive a plan for murdering a relative and a benefactor. Now, what were the facts of the case so far as the accused, Margaret Smith, was concerned? She left Robert Wilkinson's house, in company with her uncle, about half past eight o'clock on the evening of the 7th of November last, and arrived at the mill alone, at about half past nine. This is really the whole statement against her. Now what has been said of the circumstances of the journey? The night was so misty that you could not see a person clearly at ten yards' distance. Still the deceased knew the way to his mill; but what evidence have we of the state of sobriety in which he set out from Wilkinson's house? He had taken 'a little refreshment,' says the learned serjeant. 'It might be something more than three half-pints,' says Wilkinson. A pint and a half of *what*? The witness says, 'My wife brews *good ale*. I do not often take more than a pint of it at a time.'

"Now, with respect to the place where the body was found: is it a wonderful thing that a man intoxicated should miss his way, and walk through a copse? And what evidence have we to show that his body might not float down from another part of the stream? There are witnesses who will tell you that the mill-stream is swift and strong enough for that. Now, as to the conduct of the accused, on arriving at the mill. She asked the servant, 'Has not my uncle arrived yet?' This, of itself, would be a proof of innocence. What is said to make it look like a sign of guilt? She asked the question, it is said, 'in a very cool manner.' Who can say what notions the witness, Susan, may have of a cool manner? And when was coolness or calmness, in a young offender at least, discovered to be a sign of guilt? What occasion was there for any sudden alarm? The deceased might have turned aside into the yard, or gone into the mill, to attend to some little business. But what have we next brought forward as a sign of guilt? The accused recognized the footsteps of Bracewell. Could she not discern the step of a young from that of an old man? Was Bracewell a stranger? Was his coming in the evening a new thing? Is it, I ask, a wonderful thing for a young woman to spring up and open the door, when she hears the footstep of her lover? Well, how long did they remain together? There is no evidence that they remained together five minutes. I say, there is no fact to discountenance the assertion, that Margaret Smith instantly told Bracewell of her uncle's disappearance, and that Bracewell instantly set out to search for the missing man. She had sent out, in search of her uncle, the truest and most devoted person whom she knew: and what could she do more? It would not have been seemly for a woman to trust herself out in the dark night. But what evidence have we that she ever closed her eyes that night? Bracewell did not return, and, as he conducts his own defence, I leave him to account for his absence; but it does not affect the case of my client. You have heard a full statement of all the facts in which she is concerned, and I have shown that they amount to nothing clearly against her.

"She missed her uncle when walking several

yards behind him, on a misty night. The path by the stream, near the mill, is bordered with soft moss, and would give no sound of footsteps; so that she could not know how far he was in advance of her. She sent out, in a few minutes after her arrival at the mill, a person in search of her uncle. That person did not return; and from this mystery relative to other individuals, a charge is conjured up against the last person in the world likely to be guilty of the crime suspected.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have shown you that the circumstances on which the charge is founded are not weighty enough to shake the testimony of good character in favor of the accused person. I shall now, with a good confidence, leave my client's case to your sober and patient judgment. You will dismiss all popular rumors and prejudices from your minds, and allow the voice of common sense and conscience to quell the suspicions which have been excited by circumstances, perhaps mysterious, and certainly unfortunate, but not sufficient to sustain a charge so awful as that brought against the prisoner. You will not allow the dark cloud of suspicion which has gathered around the good reputation of, I believe, a virtuous and worthy young woman, to blacken into the night of a death of infamy; but disperse it at once, and restore her to life, good fame, and happiness."

Here Counsellor Atkinson closed his address, and the witnesses for the defence were called.

Sarah Stokes, an old nurse, was the first witness called, and stated as follows:—

"I am a nurse, and attended the late John Smith during an illness, about two years ago, and I can testify that the conduct of Margaret Smith, the prisoner, was always exceedingly kind towards her uncle."

Mary Barnes, who had lived as servant-maid at the mill, confirmed the statement of the first witness. Next, a woman, who had called at the mill for milk on the morning after the miller was lost, stated that the grief and trouble of Margaret were evident.

John Green also, servant-man to Robert Wilkinson, stated that the path along by the mill-stream was mossy, so that a footstep upon it would be inaudible at a little distance.

Edward Norris, a man who worked in the mill, stated that the mill-stream would, at certain times, be strong enough to carry down a man's body as far as from the plank to the copse.

These were all the witnesses who came forward for the defence.

Richard Bracewell was then allowed to make his own defence. Margaret raised her head, and looked with an earnest, and yet confident, expression at the speaker, as he began:—

"My lord, gentlemen of the jury—I thank you, and the just laws of my country, for this opportunity of speaking in my own defence. If I intended anything like pleading, I might have found a more capable advocate; but, as I wish only to state facts, you may see the propriety of my speaking on my own behalf. The case at present before you demands ample time for mature deliberation. I will, therefore, consume no more of it with introductory remarks, but at once address myself to the statement of facts. Gentlemen, if you hear me without favor, I trust you will hear me without any determined prejudice. The points which I have to explain are the following:—my interview with the prisoner Crooks, on the 6th of November last; my appearance at the mill on the same evening; and

my absence from home from the 8th to the 14th of November. I am sorry that I cannot give my explanation of the circumstances without giving information very unfavorable to other persons;" (here Crooks was evidently perturbed,) "but I owe a duty to my own life, to one whom I esteem far beyond the value of that life," (here there was a murmur of approbation among the ladies,) "and, more than all, to the God of truth and justice. I will, therefore, tell you all I know.

"You have heard an individual of the name of William Naylor mentioned in the evidence given by the witness Thomas Batters, landlord of the Black Dog. Gentlemen, I must make some statements respecting that young man's character, to explain the interest which I felt, and the exertions I made, on his behalf. He had been my school-fellow. He had good qualities, though they all seemed drowned in one vice—that of habitual, I might almost say constant, intemperance. His father left a sum of money for him, under the control of my father, to be paid quarterly. Unhappily, the young man was brought up to no business or profession. He fell into the lowest company, and often, I have good reason to believe, lost sums of money, by unfair means, in such company. He had been missing from home since the 4th of November last; but, as his habits were so very reckless and irregular, this excited little surprise. His mother-in-law, however, was alarmed when she discovered, on the sixth of the same month, that he had taken a considerable sum of money from her till, and requested me to make my best efforts to find him, and recover some portion of the money. I knew, as all the neighbors knew, that he was very often in company with the brothers William and Edward Crooks. Of their characters I do not wish to say a word; I would only refer you to all the people of their neighborhood. I went to the Black Dog on the evening of the 7th, and found William Crooks there. I gave him liquor, to conceal from him the object of my visit. When I inquired after Naylor, he seemed unwilling to give me any information. We left the Black Dog together, and I followed him to the house of Nell Crooks, in Fording-place, where he lodges. Here I was violently abused by the woman of the house, and a young woman generally known by the name of Young Nell, with whom Naylor was intimate. I left this house, and called at several public houses, inquiring for Naylor; at one of these houses I saw John Green, the servant-man of Robert Wilkinson, farmer, who informed me that he had seen William Crooks and William Naylor together, on the evening of the 6th instant." (Here Crooks, the prisoner, was observed to turn very pale.) "He told me that Naylor appeared to be very drunk, and that he watched the two men until they approached a hovel in the Bridge-field, near to which was a manure heap. He would have followed them, but knew the character of the men. I determined to prosecute my search in the morning. After leaving John Green, I walked to the mill. I can give no particular reason for going there, beyond the motive which led me there as often as opportunity allowed. With regard to the lateness of the hour—half-past nine—I may observe, that the deceased, John Smith, generally retired to bed at nine o'clock, and I had frequently visited the house after that time. I had not been in the house five minutes before Margaret Smith told me, with some anxiety, that her uncle was missing, and I did not stay ten minutes longer in the house, after I heard that. Yet I cannot say that I felt any great anxiety on his account. Margaret Smith also told me

that she thought her uncle was somewhat affected by the ale he had drank, and that he had threatened to 'cloat' me, if he found me in his house.

"As I left the mill, I said I would make some inquiry after him; but still I thought he must be about the place, and, as I did not wish to meet him, I neither looked for him nor called after him. I called at the house of an acquaintance, where I stayed a few minutes, and then went home to my father's house, where I drank a tankard of ale, and immediately went to bed. The next morning I communicated my business to my father, put some money in my pocket, and went out, soon after breakfast, to renew my inquiries after the missing William Naylor. I went, first to John Green before mentioned, whom I found at work in the Bridge-field. We went to the manure-heap, mentioned before, and, turning over the straw, found marks as if the body of a man had recently lain there. I confess I had very dark suspicions of the treatment which the missing man had received from his companion, the prisoner, William Crooks." (Here Crooks scowled upon Bracewell.) "I then went up into the town, and had some conversation, at the Fleece tavern, with Mrs. Naylor, the mother-in-law of the missing individual. She told me that he had talked of leaving her, and going to visit some relatives near Burnley. I communicated to her my worst fears, and she earnestly begged me to make all possible inquiries after him. I rode on the coach to Burnley, where I, also, have friends, who pressed me to stay with them a few days. I did so; and employed much of my time in searching for Naylor, but to no purpose. His friends denied all knowledge of his having been in the neighborhood. I wrote from Burnley to my father on the business.

"Gentlemen, I have concluded my statement. A word or two more, and I leave myself in your hands. You see that it has been necessary for me, in clearing myself, to open a new case of suspicion against another. This complication of your duty must require ample time for investigation. Truth and justice, I believe, gentlemen, will ultimately triumph even in this imperfect world; but they cannot always triumph in a day. Time, then, gentlemen—time—time is all I require from you to save my own reputation, and the happiness of those dear to me."

Here Bracewell concluded. During the whole of his statement, Crooks had looked upon him with a dismal scowl.

The witnesses called to corroborate Bracewell's statement were, a relative from Burnley, Mrs. Naylor, and the landlords of the public houses mentioned in his story. John Green, the servant-man of Robert Wilkinson, also confirmed all the statements with which his name had been connected; and his brother, James Green, asserted that he had observed, on the morning of the 8th of November, the mark of a slipping foot at the edge of the mill-stream, a little above the copse on the way to the mill.

No witnesses appeared in favor of the prisoner Crooks.

The court was then adjourned, and met again in half-an-hour. The judge then proceeded with his summary of the evidence; but before he had uttered many words, Sergeant Jackson entered the court, and stated that he had fresh evidence now to lay before the jury, in the shape of a confession just made and signed by the prisoner, William Crooks. Bracewell and Margaret seemed amazed at this announcement, and there was great astonishment throughout the court while the sergeant read the following document:—

"I, William Crooks, do solemnly declare that,

on the evening of the 7th of November last, I met the prisoner, Richard Bracewell, by appointment, at the Black Dog. He brought a short bludgeon in his pocket, and, after we had drunk several pints of ale, we set out to waylay the deceased, John Smith, near the copse. As the deceased was coming down the field, Bracewell whispered to me, 'The old villain has his niece with him.' But the niece stayed behind as her uncle approached the copse. It was a little after nine o'clock. We let him go past the copse a little way, and then Bracewell said to me, 'Now 's your time, Crooks!' I then went after the miller; but Bracewell kept concealed in the copse. I struck the deceased twice on the head with the bludgeon, then drew the body to the mill-stream, and pushed it in. I then went into the copse. In a few minutes Bracewell and I came out of the copse, and drew the body down to the shady place where it was found. Bracewell promised me good pay; and, soon afterwards, we separated. This, I solemnly declare, is the whole truth of the way in which the miller met his death.

"Signed, WILLIAM CROOKS, + his mark.

"In presence of, WILLIAM BAILEY, Barrister.
SAMUEL KNURBS, Gaoler."

The judge then asked the prisoner, Crooks, if he had anything to add to this statement? He refused to say another word. Bracewell was then asked if he would make any reply to the statement just read over.

"My lord," said he, "I am utterly amazed at the awful wickedness of the man who has brought forward this false confession. It is throughout a lie; but I still beg for time—time, my lord, that the truth may become apparent."

The judge then addressed the jury, and they retired. After a long absence they returned with the verdict—"We find the prisoners, Richard Bracewell and William Crooks, GUILTY OF WILFUL MURDER—the prisoner, Margaret Smith, NOT GUILTY."

The prisoners were next asked if they had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced. Crooks refused to speak. "For time, my lord, is all my prayer," was the answer given by Bracewell.

The judge then put on his black cap, and pronounced sentence of death upon the condemned prisoners, warning them to prepare for a speedy execution. They were then conducted to their cells.

Crooks was sitting in his cell on the eve of execution. Young Nell had visited him during the day to inquire for Naylor; but he had repulsed her with violence. Mr. Bracewell, the elder, with Margaret Smith, and the chaplain of the prison, now entered his cell. The chaplain earnestly entreated the prisoner, if he had anything more to confess, that he would not delay. Margaret fell upon her knees, and added the most touching prayers to the exhortations of the chaplain. The conscience of the prisoner seemed to be writhing in torture, until, late in the night, he bade them get pen and paper, and take down his last words in this world. The gaoler and other witnesses were called in, and the prisoner made a second and last confession, as follows:—

"Every word in my former confession is false, except that Richard Bracewell met me at the Black Dog on the 7th of November last. He came to inquire after Naylor. I was drinking with Naylor all day, on the 6th. He had plenty of money, and told me he meant to leave the country. He got very drunk towards evening, and said he would go to Nell Crooks, and bid good-bye to Young Nell. I took him into the cow-house in the Bridge-field,

and there struck him one heavy blow on the head with a short bludgeon. He groaned and fell, as I thought, dead on the spot. I buried his body in the manure-heap. I have never seen him, nor heard of him, from that day to this. I solemnly declare that Richard Bracewell never plotted with me against any man's life; but that all he ever had to do with me was to ask me about William Naylor. I state this for truth, as I hope God will have mercy on my miserable soul."

In consequence of this confession, Richard Bracewell was reprieved. The next morning, William Crooks was hanged in the presence of an unfeeling crowd, among whom were many of the people of Fording-place and the neighborhood; and Young Nell conspicuously exhibiting her assumed grief on the occasion. The moment before the fatal bolt was drawn, the miserable man turned in reply to a question put to him by the chaplain, and confirmed solemnly, with his last breath, the statement he had made on the previous night. He then fell struggling, and died amid the brutal shouts of the crowd.

Still Richard Bracewell was kept in confinement; but wonders had not yet ceased. A few days only after the execution of Crooks, a man arrived at Fording-place who declared himself to be the missing, the murdered man—William Naylor! The identity was proved by numerous witnesses, Young Nell being in the number. He was examined before the magistrates, and made the following statement:—

"My name is William Naylor. You must all recognize me. My mother-in-law is Mrs. Naylor of the Fleece. I need say nothing of my habits and character when I lived here; but I will tell you all I remember of the circumstances connected with my disappearance from this part of the country. I had been drinking for weeks. Richard Bracewell had refused to pay me money in advance. I had taken a considerable sum from the till of the Fleece. I had some notion of paying it back when I could. I was drinking with Will Crooks on the last night I was seen here. He took me to a cow-house in the Bridge-field. I forget how we quarrelled. I think we said something about hell. I remember a heavy blow on my head that made fire flash all around me, and then I remember nothing more until I found myself lying in a manure-heap in the morning. I lurked about in the copse of the miller's field all the day, and considered that this was a good opportunity for leaving the country. I determined to set out at night-fall. I was in the copse at night, I should say about nine o'clock. I was hardly in my right senses from the drink and the blow; but I remember well, I was frightened by hearing a gurgling noise in the stream, and I fancied I saw some great black body floating in the water; but I did not stay to examine it. I left the copse and went over the plank by the mill. I saw nobody. I then crossed the ford, and walked nearly to Burnley that night, but did not call on my friends there. I have plenty of witnesses to prove where I have been ever since that time."

The result of the examination proved the truth of this statement, and Richard Bracewell was liberated a few days afterwards. He returned, in triumph, to his father's house. He and his faithful Margaret lived together in happiness, long enough to see all traces of suspicion, and even rumors of the old story, die away from the neighborhood.

We may observe that the greatest changes made in the substantial facts upon which the above account is founded, are in the names of the persons, and the localities mentioned.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

FRENCH COLONIZERS.

ROBERT Cavalier de La Salle,* the first colonizer of Louisiana, (he started on his discoveries A. D. 1678,) is a striking person as a colonizer and discoverer; if for no other reason, at least for the peculiar nationality of his character; and the features in him, that, throughout his course, are perpetually reminding us of the Frenchman. We do not mean the latter to be understood in an unfavorable sense. The French character has a light, gallant, affectionate side of it; and shows, in some of its specimens, a mixture of innocence and spirit which is very taking. La Salle has this remarkably. He has not the grave, plodding, energetic, persevering, diplomatic character of the English colonizer. The founders of our colonial empire were men made in a different mould, to what we see in this light-hearted, gallant, French adventurer. And the fruits of their labors have been proportionally more enduring and solid. The Frenchman has colonized for the benefit of the Anglo-Saxon in the west, and no sooner has he settled himself in his new domain, than the heavy weight of English vicinity has ousted him out of it. The Saxon shows that genius for occupation, management, and system, which alone gains permanent hold upon a new country. In the first instance, however, and in the act of exploring and finding his way from lake to lake, and forest to forest, in the new region, the Frenchman is quite as vigorous in his way as the Englishman. He mixes up the excitements of discovery, however, with pleasures and tastes quite his own. He strews flowers by the way, makes pretty scenes as he goes along, mounts his gay colors on the top of the rock, and festoons the forest stumps. He notes his progress by ornamental erections, and begins to dance when he has arrived at the end of a good day's or week's exploring, and thinks he has achieved something. He is stimulated, moreover, by the thorough French love of *la gloire*, and does not dream of adulterating the noble admixture with any base mercantile feeling. He has not shipping, and docks, and factories in view; his discovery is a fine dream to him. He is pleased with it, as he would be with a good play; and the real hardships and roughnesses he endures are mixed with something of his old opera house, stage light, side scene, and other Parisian sympathies. We hear of dancing on board, as the ship of discovery was crossing the Atlantic. "A joyous company of girls on board sought to wear away the tediousness of the voyage, and enliven the spirits of the passengers by the amusement of dancing. This was more than the grave and scrupulous Recollect (a priest of a particular order) could endure, and he took occasion to reprimand the young damsels, and check their hilarity. La Salle interposed, and said there was no harm in dancing."

His men are frightened at their first start upon their Mississippi voyage of discovery, with a picture of the horrors and dangers of that mysterious river.

"Nikanape, a man of rank in the camp, and brother to the great chief of the nation, who was absent on a hunting excursion, invited the Frenchman to an entertainment; and before sitting down to the repast, he made a long speech, the drift of which was, to advise his guests against the perilous scheme of going down the Mississippi. He said that others had perished in the attempt; that the

banks were inhabited by a strong and terrible race of men, who killed everybody that came among them; that the waters swarmed with crocodiles, serpents, and frightful monsters; and that, even if the boat was large and strong enough to escape these dangers, it would be dashed in pieces by the falls and rapids, or meet with inevitable destruction in a hideous whirlpool at the river's mouth, where the river itself was swallowed up and lost. This harangue, which the orator enforced by expressions of anxious concern for the welfare of his friends, produced an obvious effect on the minds of La Salle's men."

La Salle instantly brings the image of *la gloire* before them.

"He said the dangers, which had been painted in such glowing colors, bore on their face so clear a stamp of exaggeration and improbability, that he was convinced that Nikanape himself would excuse him for regarding them with utter incredulity; and, even if they were as formidable as had been represented, the courage of Frenchmen would only be the more eager to encounter them, as crowning their enterprise with the greater glory."

La Salle himself starts on his voyage from France, with a patent of nobility; he is the Sieur de la Salle. The Sieur de la Salle builds his ship "Griffin," in Canada, for Mississippi discoveries. The vessel was named "The Griffin," in compliment to the Count de Frontenac, whose armorial bearings were adorned by two griffins, as supporters.

"The ship was completely finished, rigged, and equipped within six months from the day on which the keel was laid. The ornamental parts were not forgotten. The griffin with expanded wings, surmounted by an eagle, sat on the prow."

The ceremony of taking possession of a district is characteristic in the same way. The Sieur de la Salle, it should be known by the way, always wears, on such occasions, and on all occasions of ceremony, "a scarlet coat, embroidered with gold."

"The arms of France were attached to the column, with this inscription: *Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, reigns; the 9th of April, 1682.* All the men were under arms, and, after chanting the *Te Deum*, they honored the occasion by a discharge of their muskets, and cries of *Long live the king.* The column was then erected by the Sieur de la Salle, who made a formal speech, taking possession of the whole country of Louisiana for the French king, the nations and people contained therein, the seas and harbors adjacent, and all the streams flowing into the Mississippi, which he calls the great river St. Louis. A leaden plate was buried at the foot of a tree, with a Latin inscription, containing the arms of France and the date, and purporting that La Salle, Tonty, Zenobe, and twenty Frenchmen, were the first to navigate the river from Illinois to its mouth. The cross was then erected with similar ceremonies. At the same time an account of these proceedings was drawn up, in the form of a *Procès Verbal*, certified by a notary, and signed by thirteen of the principal persons of the expedition."

This sort of harmless, amusing pomp goes on throughout, and La Salle's chivalry, and the old "chateaux" associations follow him into the new world. He carries France with him wherever he goes.

There is the same character shown in the poetical dejection of mind which comes out when he has ill luck, and expresses itself by giving a melancholy

* Library of American Biography, conducted by Jared Sparks, Boston.

name to a station he erects, or a river he crosses; and his geographical chart, in the act of formation, expresses, by the nomenclature upon it, the different phases of mind the discoverer was in. He is deserted, on one occasion, by "six of his men, including the two sawyers, whose services were exceedingly important. The defection of so large a number was not only discouraging in itself, but a sad breach in the company." He built a fort soon after this loss, and called it, "in sympathy with his feelings, Fort Crève-cœur, *Broken Heart*." Again—

"Five or six miles beyond, they came to another river, which Father Anastase says was broader and deeper than the Seine at Paris, bordered on one side by the most beautiful trees, and on the other by extensive plains. They crossed it on a raft. This was the Colorado. It was afterwards called the Maligne by La Salle, in consequence of one of his party having been devoured in it by a crocodile."

His engaging manner to his people in all distresses, and way of making speeches to them, and cheering them up, are quite in the style of French amiableness and good nature. "The Sieur de la Salle, calling the people together, addressed them in an eloquent speech," says Anastase, "with that engaging air which was so natural to him, presenting such motives to sustain their constancy as the occasion would admit, and encouraging them to hope for his speedy return with succors to relieve their distresses."

With this gayety, gallantry, and spirit, religion comes in too, and has its place in the scene. La Salle takes out friar missionaries with him, whom he takes into his counsels, and treats as his bosom friends. They accompany the course of discovery, preaching and converting, when they have the opportunity; assisting La Salle in boat and fort-building when they have nothing better to do.

"Although La Salle had received his education at the hands of the Jesuits, and had lived with them for many years, yet his predilections seemed to have leaned towards the Recollects. From them he chose the spiritual guides who were to accompany him in his discoveries. When he arrived at Fort Frontenac, he found Fathers Gabriel, Louis Hennepin, and Zenobe Membre, awaiting his orders; as also Luke Buiset and Melithon Watteau, the former destined for the missionary station at the fort, and the latter for that at Niagara. They were all natives of the Spanish Netherlands. The most renowned of these fathers was Hennepin, who has figured in the literary world, and who will often appear in the course of this narrative. He came to Canada in the same vessel with the Sieur de la Salle, when returning after his first voyage to France; and from that time he had been employed as a missionary at Fort Frontenac, or in rambling among the Iroquois. In some of these excursions he visited Albany, then called New Orange, and other frontier settlements of New York. Being of a restless temper, it was not his humor to remain long in the same place."

The mixture in La Salle's mind of arms and religion attracts the remark of the American biographer. In a speech to a crowd of Indians on stepping out of his canoe.

"La Salle took the first opportunity to explain to them the objects that had brought him to their country, which he could do with the more facility as he was accompanied by two interpreters. He told them that he had come from Canada to impart to them a knowledge of the true God, to assist them

against their enemies, and to supply them with arms and with the conveniences of life. At this interview he said nothing about his proposed voyage to the Mississippi. In fact, his aim seems only to have been to quell their apprehensions and rivet their friendship. The idea of teaching them the Christian religion, and at the same time putting fire-arms in their hands to excite their passion for war, is so incongruous, that this report might be doubted, if it were not confirmed by two of the missionaries who were present, and who relate the circumstance without comment."

However, the preaching of the missionaries produces an impression, in spite, too, of the great difficulty of their not understanding the Indian language, nor the Indians theirs. They find the cross respected, though they cannot discover why.

"No demonstrations of hostility were shown by the natives, who cordially accepted the calmet of peace, visited the Frenchmen in their camp, and invited them to their village. The shore was lined by a concourse of people to receive them, cabins were assigned for their accommodation, fuel was supplied for their fires, abundance of provisions was brought to them, and for three days they were regaled with a continual feast. These Indians, it was remarked, were of a much gayer humor than those of the north, more frank and open-hearted, more gentle in their manners, and decorous in their deportment. The Sieur de la Salle was treated with marked deference and respect. He took possession of the country in the name of his king, erected a cross, and adorned it with the arms of France. This was done with much pomp and ceremony, at which the savages testified great joy, and doubtless supposed it to be intended for their amusement. Father Zenobe also performed his part, by endeavoring to impress upon the multitude some of the mysteries of his faith, as far he could do it without understanding a word of their language; and he did not despair of having produced good effects, especially as he observed, on his return, that the cross stood untouched, and had been surrounded by the Indians with a line of palisades."

Such is the character of La Salle's course of adventure. He is a gallant adventurer in the first place; he is a converter and missionary in the next; and he and his "Recollects" act together with perfect harmony and brotherly spirit. He goes through his difficulties with a light heart. "It would be impossible," says one of his missionary fathers of him, "to find in history an instance of a more intrepid and invincible courage than that of the Sieur de la Salle. He was never cast down, and he constantly hoped, with the aid of Heaven, to accomplish his enterprise." He did accomplish it, and discovered and founded the colony of Louisiana, now one of the United States; but he did not live to enjoy his discovery. If French gayety and light-heartedness accompanied the course of his discovery, a French tragedy closed it. He was murdered by a clique of his own men. Poor La Salle certainly claims our pity as much as any one we know of; he so little deserved his fate. He was so perfectly unfitted to be the mark of an assassin. A murderous knot amongst his own followers, however, having killed in revenge some of their own companions, feared La Salle's discovering the crime.

"As the conspirators had begun the work of blood, they laid a scheme on the spot for destroying the Sieur de la Salle, in conformity, it may be, with a previous design, and under the dread of suffering the just punishment of their guilt at his hands.

They deliberated on the method of doing it for two or three days. Meantime La Salle expressed anxiety at the long absence of Moragnet, and seemed to have forebodings of some unhappy event, for he asked whether Duhaut and his associates had not shown symptoms of dissatisfaction. He feared, also, that the whole party might have been cut off by the savages.

"Finally, he determined to go himself in search of them, leaving the camp, on the 19th of March, under the charge of Joutel. He was accompanied by father Anastase, and two natives, who had served him as guides. After travelling about six miles, they found the bloody cravat of Saget near the bank of a river, and, at the same time, two eagles were seen hovering over their heads, as if attracted by food on the ground. La Salle fired his gun, which was heard by the conspirators on the other side of the river. Duhaut and Larcheveque immediately crossed over at some distance in advance. La Salle approached, and, meeting Larcheveque, asked for Moragnet, and was answered vaguely that he was along the river. At that moment, Duhaut, who was concealed in the high grass, discharged his musket, and shot him through the head. Father Anastase was standing by his side, and expected to share the same fate, till the conspirators told him that they had no design upon his life.

"La Salle survived about an hour, unable to speak, but pressing the hand of the good father, to signify that he understood what was said to him. The same kind friend dug his grave, and buried him, and erected a cross over his remains. 'Thus perished,' says he, 'our wise conductor, constant in adversities, intrepid, generous, engaging, adroit, skilful, and capable of anything. He who, during a period of twenty years, had softened the fierce temper of a vast number of savage nations, was massacred by his own people, whom he had loaded with benefits. He died in the vigor of life, in the midst of his career and his labors, without the consolation of having seen their results.'"

From the Spectator.

DE HELL'S TRAVELS IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA.*

M. XAVIER HOMMAIRE DE HELL is a French geologist and civil engineer, who spent several years in Southern Russia with professional objects, accompanied by his wife. During this period, his avocation gave the travellers many facilities of observation, not only in towns but in the country-houses of the nobility. M. de Hell's pursuits also carried himself and his wife over a large range of country, extending from the Dnieper to the Caspian Sea, and thence to the Caucasian mountains. The result of their opportunities is a full, various, and interesting work, in which the graver subjects of commerce, government, official economy, with historical and ethnological notices, are treated by M. de Hell; whilst descriptions of society, adventures *en route*, and much of what is usually considered travels, are contributed by madame.

Although the facts, opinions, and narrative of our travellers are not absolutely new upon any point, unless perhaps upon the destructive effects of the Russian protective system, they are valuable for the fulness of their matter, and as confirmatory of pre-

vious writers. The hollow civilization, the selfishness and corruption pervading every part of society, the striking contrasts of squalid barbarism with Oriental splendor, and the made-up theatrical character of Russian greatness, are distinctly exhibited. Sometimes this is done directly, in the searching exposures of M. de Hell, sometimes indirectly, in the remarks and descriptions of his wife. The apparent desire for truth, and the national good-nature of both parties, give a trustworthy character to their representations, which cannot always be ascribed to the assertions of mere partisans. De Hell himself, indeed, appears to entertain a higher opinion of the imperial government, or at least of the emperor, than his facts support. He thinks that there is a desire at head-quarters to do justice, advance improvements, and contribute to the prosperity of the country; but this is partly shackled by the inherent difficulties of the subjects with which Russian reformers must deal, such as serfdom, and partly by the mendacity and corruption of the government agents, who suppress the truth, systematically color their reports, or put forward absolute falsehoods, and sometimes take upon themselves to reduce the imperial decrees to a dead letter, running the chance of detection and the fearful punishment which follows it. All this, however, applies to administration; and though the intentions of part of the cabinet of St. Petersburg and its head may be good, the whole *system* of the government seems radically wrong. In politics, if not personally, the emperor, whether Alexander or Nicholas, is as false as the falsest of his slaves. Nothing is natural: all is trick, or force, or folly—alloyed, we infer, with no small portion of selfish vanity. The autocrat conceives that the laws of nature may be set aside by an imperial ukase. Caffa, the colony of the Genoese in the Crimea, was exceedingly well adapted to commerce, by its port and its situation; but its trade was destroyed and the city abandoned, for motives, our author conceives, of the most absurd vanity.

"The ostensible reasons were sanitary measures, the necessity of having a general quarantine at the entrance of the Sea of Azof, encouragement of coasters and lighters, and the utility of a vast emporium opened to the productions of all Russia. We believe, however, that all these arguments were in reality of very secondary weight, and that the downfall of Theodosia is to be ascribed to nothing else than an absurd vanity. To resuscitate the ancient name of Odessus; to found a town called Ovidiopol in a country where Ovid never resided; to lead our geographers into error by giving the name of Tiraspol to a mean village on the Dniestr, in the front of Bender; to substitute the name of Theodosia for that of Caffa; all these innovations might have pleased certain archæologists, but how was it possible to resist the thought of rebuilding the celebrated capital of the kingdom of the Bosphorus! How irresistible the temptation to raise a new and great city at the foot of Mithridates' rock! The memory of the Milesians had therefore to fade before that of the illustrious sovereign of Pontus; Theodosia was despoiled of its privileges and its revenues, its tribunal of commerce was transferred to Kertch, and double harbor-dues were imposed on vessels touching there before arriving at the latter port."

It is a kindred spirit that aims at turning the most opposite tribes and peoples into Russians, by a paper decree; and which may succeed in destroying towns, marring prosperity, checking population, and exas-

* Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea, the Crimea, the Caucasus, &c. By XAVIER HOMMAIRE DE HELL, Civil Engineer, Member of the Société Géologique de France, and Knight of the Order of St. Vladimir of Russia. With Additions from various sources.

perating men, but fails ridiculously in its immediate object. The forcible attempts at converting Jews and Roman Catholics to the Greek Church have a similar origin, with a similar result. The German colonists introduced by Caroline into the southern steppes are an orderly, industrious, and prosperous race, of use not only in themselves but as an example. Some freak takes possession of the imperial mind; a colony is broken up, and transported elsewhere, without the slightest sympathy with human feeling, or the least consideration of the laws of the human mind. These instances are traceable to the ignorance and vanity of power. In the following, trick predominates. In 1803 Odessa was made a bonded port, where goods could be deposited for eighteen months before the duties were payable; the duties were reduced one fourth; and transit was permitted free of duty. In 1817 the duties were raised, but Odessa was made a free port; and a time of great prosperity ensued: upon which the Russians set about killing the goose.

"The commerce of Southern Russia had then reached its apogee. After the long wars of the French empire the agriculture of Europe was in a very depressed condition, and it was necessary to have recourse to Russia for the corn which other countries could not raise in sufficient quantity for their own subsistence. Odessa thus became, under the wise administration of the Duc de Richelieu, one of the most active commercial cities of eastern Europe; its population increased prodigiously; the habits induced by prosperity gave a new stimulus to its import trade; and every year hundreds of vessels entered its port to take in agricultural freights of all kinds.

"Dazzled by this commercial prosperity, till then unexampled in Russia, and doubtless believing it unalterably established, the government then chose to return to its prohibitive system; and, whether through ignorance or incapacity, the ministry deliberately ruined with their own hands the commercial wealth of Southern Russia. In 1822, at the moment when it was least expected, an ukase suppressed the freedom of the port of Odessa, and made it obligatory on the merchants to pay the duties on all goods then in the warehouses."

The result of these and some kindred measures, partly of a "protective" description, ruined the prosperity of Odessa, without accomplishing either the financial or protective objects of the government. Trebisond became the emporium of the transit trade; extensive failures took place at Odessa, commerce decreased, the duties fell off, and a smuggling trade began in Southern Russia with the connivance of the officials.

The same "sic volo sic jubeo" spirit, without regard to the thing to be done, reigns throughout. In the protective system, indeed, the autocrat has examples enough in civilized communities; but there is a great distinction between gradual growth and arbitrary creation. In the states of Western Europe, the system was formed by the people; a trade was set up, and then protection, or privilege, was granted. In the then state of the commercial world, too, the system was less mischievous than it is now. But in Russia manufactures do not grow up naturally, or spring from individual enterprise: they are the results of government interference. We have formerly had occasion to note the mushroom character of the Russian buildings, especially in St. Petersburg; edifices designed for show, not use—where regard is had to the effect upon the passer-by, not to the real business to be done. The

same thing takes place in the provinces, only in a cheaper and more showmanlike manner; lath and plaster being substituted for stone, and left in a state of beggarly pomp; the extent and design magnificent, but the color peeling off and the plaster crumbling. The same sort of system takes place with towns; which in Russia are not the growth of circumstances, but the creations of power, unless in the case of Moscow and other old places; though these are sometimes shifted by ukase.

A MADE CAPITAL.

"At the extremity of a plateau, on the verge of a wide and deep valley, the town of Novo Tcherkask suddenly appeared to us, rising in an amphitheatre, and embracing in its huge extent several hills, the broad slopes of which descend to the bottom of the valley. All the towns we had previously seen, and which had shocked us by the extravagant breadth of their streets and their dearth of houses, were nothing in comparison with what now met our eyes. Seen from the point where we then stood, the whole town was like an enormous chess-board, with the lines formed by avenues broader than the Place du Carrousel in Paris. These lines, bordered at intervals by a few shabby dwellings, and separated from each other by open spaces in which whole regiments might manœuvre quite at their ease, some churches, and a triumphal arch erected in 1815 in honor of Alexander, are the only salient points of this desert which they call a capital, and the superficial dimensions of which are, without exaggeration, as great as those of Paris."

Of the military service, M. de Hell says little, except of its hardships; but we know from other sources that the same mixture of unnatural force in the conception and of corruption in the execution pervades the army, save in the crack regiments under the imperial eye. Even in the fortifications of the modern school a somewhat similar ostentation without substance would appear to obtain. This is part of the account of the naval arsenal at Sevastopol, the great harbor of the Black Sea.

"In 1831, when the July revolution was threatening to upset the whole *status quo* of Europe, a London journal stated, in an article on the Black Sea and Southern Russia, that nothing could be easier than for a few well-appointed vessels to set fire to the imperial fleet in the port of Sevastopol. The article alarmed the emperor's council to the highest degree; and orders were immediately issued for the construction of immense defensive works.

"Four new forts were constructed, making a total of eleven batteries. Forts Constantine and Alexander were erected for the defence of the great harbor, the one on the north, the other on the west side, on Artillery Bay; and the Admiralty and the Paul batteries were to play on vessels attempting to enter South Bay or Ship's Bay. These four forts, consisting each of three tiers of batteries, and each mounting from 250 to 300 pieces of artillery, constitute the chief defences of the place; and appear, at first sight, truly formidable. But here, again, the reality does not correspond with the outer appearance; and we are of the opinion that all these costly batteries are more fitted to astonish the vulgar in time of peace than to awe the enemy in war. In the first place, their position at some height above the level of the sea, and their three stories, appear to us radically bad; and practical men will agree with us that a hostile squadron might make very light of the three tiers of guns, which, when pointed horizontally, could at most

only hit the rigging of the ships. The internal arrangements struck us as equally at variance with all the rules of military architecture; each story consists of a suit of rooms opening one upon the other, and communicating by a small door, with an outer gallery that runs the whole length of the building. All these rooms in which the guns are worked are so narrow, and the ventilation is so ill-contrived, that we are warranted by our own observation in asserting that a few discharges would make it extremely difficult for the artillerymen to do their duty. But a still more serious defect than those we have named, and one which endangers the whole existence of the works, consists in the general system adopted for their construction.

"Here the improvidence of the government has been quite as great as with regard to the dock basins; for the imperial engineers have thought proper to employ small pieces of coarse limestone in the masonry of three storied batteries, mounting from 250 to 300 guns. The works, too, have been constructed with so little care, and the dimensions of the walls and arches are so insufficient, that it is easy to see at a glance that all these batteries must inevitably be shaken to pieces whenever their numerous artillery shall be brought into play. The trials that have been made in Fort Constantine have already demonstrated the correctness of this opinion, wide rents having been there occasioned in the walls by a few discharges.

"Finally, all the forts labor under the disadvantage of being utterly defenceless on the land side. Thinking only of attacks by sea, the government has quite overlooked the great facility with which an enemy may land on any part of the coast of the Kheronese. So, besides that the batteries are totally destitute of artillery and ditches on the land side, the town itself is open on all points, and is not defended by a single redoubt. We know not what works have been planned or executed since 1841; but at the period of our visit, a force of some thousand men, aided by a maritime demonstration, would have had no sort of difficulty in forcing their way into the interior of the place, and setting fire to the fleet and the arsenals."

The same ostentation is visible in the social system: an oriental poverty in the mass is opposed to an oriental splendor and luxury in the wealthy; the European refinements in show, furniture, and service, contrasting strongly with the want of common accommodations. In the capital, and with the greater nobles, there must be exceptions; but this is the picture of provincial splendor.

"Two days afterwards, we left Kherson for the country seat of the marshal of the nobles, where a large party was already assembled. The manner in which hospitality is exercised in Russia is very convenient, and entails no great outlay in the matter of upholstery. Those who receive visitors give themselves very little concern as to whether their guests are well or ill lodged, provided they can offer them a good table: it never occurs to them that a good bed, and a room provided with some articles of furniture, are to some persons quite as acceptable as a good dinner. Whatever has no reference to the comfort of the stomach lies beyond the range of Russian politeness, and the stranger must make up his account accordingly. As we were the last comers, we fared very queerly in point of lodging; being thrust four or five of us into one room, with no other furniture than two miserable bedsteads; and there we were left to shift for ourselves as we could. The house is very handsome in appearance; but,

for all its portico, its terrace, and its grand halls, it only contains two or three rooms for reception, and a few garrets, graced with the name of bedrooms. Ostentation is inherent in the Russian character; but it abounds especially among the petty nobles, who lavish away their whole income in outward show. They must have equipages with four horses, billiard-rooms, grand drawing-rooms, pianos, &c. And if they can procure all these superfluities, they are quite content to live on *mujuk's* fare, and to sleep in beds without anything in the shape of sheets.

"Articles of furniture the most indispensable are totally unknown in the dwellings of most of the second-rate nobles. Notwithstanding the vaunted progress of Russian civilization, it is almost impossible to find a basin and ewer in a bedroom. Bedsteads are almost as great rarities, and almost invariably you have nothing but a divan on which you may pass the night. You may deem yourself singularly fortunate if the mistress of the mansion thinks of sending you a blanket and a pillow; but this is so unusual a piece of good luck that you must never reckon upon it. In their own persons the Russians set an example of truly Spartan habits, as I had many opportunities of perceiving during my stay in the marshal's house. No one, the marshal himself not excepted, has a private chamber; his eldest daughter, though a very elegant and charming young lady, lay on the floor, wrapped up in a cloak like an old veteran; his wife, with three or four young children, passed the night in a closet that served as boudoir by day; and he himself made his bed on one of the divans of the grand saloon. As for the visitors, some slept on the billiard-table; others, like ourselves, scrambled for a few paltry stump bedsteads, whilst the most philosophical wore away the night in drinking and gambling."

More pictures of society tempt us, as well as the appearance of the country, the condition of the people, the state of the roads, and the real powerlessness of Russia for foreign war; but we must put them aside for a brief notice or two of the conduct and character of the government employés; which certainly goes far to excuse all faults of detail on the part of the government. Their corruption, and their insolence to inferiors, are not, indeed, new; but the facts are so illustrative that some of them are worth quoting. The following is from a subject on which M. de Hell was professionally skilful, and which has a connection between transport and corn.

"The only goods conveyed down the Dniestr consist at present of some rafts of timber and firewood from the mountains of Austrian Galicia. The Russian government has repeatedly been desirous of improving the navigation of the river, in compliance with the desire of the inhabitants of its banks. A survey was made in 1827, and again in 1840. Unfortunately, all these investigations, being made by men of no capacity, led to nothing. An engineer was commissioned in 1829 to make a report on the works necessary for rendering the river practicable at Jampol, where it is obstructed by a small chain of granite. He estimated the expense at 185,000 francs; whereas it was secretly ascertained that 10,000 would be more than enough. The project was then abandoned. Thus, with the best and most laudable intentions, the government is constantly crippled in its plans of amelioration, whether by the incapacity or by the bad faith and cupidity of its functionaries. Last year the subject of the navigation of the Dniestr was again taken

up; and it is even alleged that the Russian government had given orders for two steam-vessels destined to ply on that river.

"The works on the Dniepr are scarcely in a more forward state than those of the Dniestr. It is known that below Iekaterinoslaf the course of the river is traversed by a granite chain, which extends between that town and Alexandrof, a distance of more than fifteen leagues. At the time of the conquest of the Crimea and the shores of the Black Sea, it was proposed to render navigable the thirteen rapids that form what has been improperly denominated the cataracts of the Dniepr. Works were begun at various times, but always abandoned. They were resumed under Nicholas with new ardor; but the government was soon discouraged by the enormous cost, and, above all, by the speculations of its servants. The whole amount of work done up to the present time is a wretched canal 300 yards long, more dangerous for barges to pass through than the rapids themselves. The canal was finished in 1838. The works had not yet been resumed when we left Russia in 1841. The rapids of the Dniepr are therefore still as impracticable as ever; and it is only during the spring-floods, a period of a month or six weeks, that barges venture to pass them; and even then it rarely happens that they escape without accident. More than eighty men were lost in them in 1839, and a multitude of barges and rafts were knocked to pieces on the rocks. The goods that thus descend the Dniepr consist almost exclusively of timber and fire-wood, and Siberian iron. Corn never makes any part of the cargo, because in case of accident it would be lost beyond recovery. But what will really seem incredible is, that the German colonists settled below the rapids are obliged to convey their produce to the Sea of Azov in order to find any market for it: hence the greater part of the government of Iekaterinoslaf, and those of Poltava and Tchernikof, watered by the Dniepr, are in a perpetual state of distress, though they have wheat in abundance; and the peasants, sunk into the deepest wretchedness, are compelled every year to make journeys of 300 miles, and often more, to earn from six to seven francs a month in the service of the land-owners on the border of the Black Sea."

In reviewing the work of M. Ivan Golovine on Russia, we mentioned that the lowest grade of the nobility, the fourteenth, was open to the lower class of persons in the employ of government—as actors of a certain grade, officers in the army below a sub-lieutenant, and civilians. As there are but two classes in Russia, privileged and unprivileged, the imperial livery is sought by freemen as a means of protection against the tyranny of others; thus vast numbers of free persons are attracted into a sphere of life where their pay cannot support them; speculation becomes a necessity in order to live; and their character injures the repute of the service in the eyes of the gentry. M. de Hell's proposition to remedy this great evil is the most practical we have seen, and appears to strike at the root of the system. The plan is to allow merchants and traders, under certain regulations, admission into the classes of nobility.

"To obtain admission into the fourteenth class, and become a noble, is the sole ambition of a priest's or merchant's son; an ambition fully justified by the unhappy condition of all but the privileged orders. There is no country in which persons engaged in trade are held in lower esteem than in Russia. They are daily subjected to the insults of

the lowest clerks; and it is only by dint of bribery they can obtain the smallest act of justice. How often have I seen in the post stations unfortunate merchants, who had been waiting for forty-eight hours and more for the good pleasure of the clerk, without daring to complain. It mattered nothing that their papers were quite regular—the noble of the fourteenth class did not care for that; nor would he give them horses until he had squeezed a good sum out of the *particularnii tcheloviks*, as he called them in his aristocratic pride. The same annoyances await the foreigner, who, on the strength of his passport, undertakes a journey without a decoration at his button-hole or any title to give him importance. I speak from experience: for more than two years spent in traversing Russia as a private individual enabled me fully to appreciate the obliging disposition of the fourteenth-class nobles. At a later period, being employed on a scientific mission by the government, I held successively the rank of major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel; and then I had nothing to complain of: the posting-clerks, and the other employes, received me with all the politeness imaginable. I never had to wait for horses: and as the title with which I was decked authorized me to distribute a few cuts of the whip with impunity, my orders were fulfilled with quite magical promptitude.

"The Emperor Nicholas has sought of late years to raise their body (merchants and burghers) in public estimation, by granting them many prerogatives of nobility; but his efforts have hitherto not been very successful. The only means of giving outward respectability to this important class, would be to afford it admission into the body of the nobles without compelling it to enter the government service. And surely, an individual who contributes to develop the trade and commerce of the land has as strong claims to honorary distinctions as a petty clerk, whose whole life is passed in cheating his superiors and robbing those who are so unfortunate as to have any dealings with him. Should the emperor ever adopt such a course, there would follow from it another advantage still more important; namely, that it would gradually extinguish the abuses of the present nobility system, and would immediately rid the public departments of all those useless underlings who now encumber the various offices solely with a view to acquire a footing among the privileged orders."

This volume, we believe, forms part of the foreign library of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and furnishes a great quantity of reading at a low price. The translator has frequently added matter from other travellers, in support of the views of Monsieur and Madame de Hell; and altogether the book forms a valuable and entertaining picture of Southern Russia.

From the Philadelphia North American.

JAPAN.

ONE of the most interesting problems of the times is the probable fate of the great Asiatic empires, China and Japan, two governments which boast the hoariest age and the most venerable institutions of all the kingdoms of the earth, and stand up in a modern world the only surviving monuments of its ancient civilization. To reflect upon their history is to recall the memory of Psammetichus and Nebuchadnezzar—and the glories of Memphis and Babylon, which are now represented by shattered pillars

and mounds of brick, while the contemporary capitals of the far east flourish without a ruin.

An instinctive apprehension of the superiority and the dangers of the modern civilization long since taught the Oriental emperors that policy of exclusion by which the peril is attempted to be averted. But the opium war and British cannon have opened the gates of China to the trade and to the designs of the Outside Barbarians—and it is almost obvious that, unless the celestials should entirely change their system, and introduce the arts and policy of Europe, it cannot be long before the whole gigantic empire, estimated by many geographers to contain one fourth of the whole population of the globe, lies broken and bleeding under the feet of that company of British merchants which has subdued all India into a British province.

Perhaps there will be more than one conqueror. France is a naval power; Russia stands ready by the Great Wall; and when the hunt is up and the great quarry at bay, there will be spoils and temptation for as many wolves as surround the dying bison on an American prairie.

In the mean while, Japan, more alarmed, but, as yet, more fortunate, becomes still more determined to persevere in excluding the foreigners, who have, under her eye, struck so severe a blow at the independence of her continental neighbor. Her insulated situation, her rocky shores and shallow bays, and a population more vigorous and martial, and a government more resolute, and, perhaps, more enlightened than those of China, seem to promise her a better protection; and, therefore, encourage the continuance of a policy which, there is every evidence, the whole trading world is resolved must be in some way or other brought to an end.

A highly civilized people, variously estimated at from fourteen to forty-five millions of souls, industrious and ingenious, and with a country full of agricultural and mineral resources, is a tempting object to both traders and politicians. The prohibition increases the cupidity; and there is some feeling of wrath at the pride, and the insolence of assumed superiority, not to speak of the violence and contempt, with which the Japanese Kubo repels all foreigners from his doors. The missionary and the whaler, the trader and the man of war, the bark bearing his own shipwrecked subjects, and the frigate carrying the messenger of a government—all meet the same reception.

Hostile preparations—refusal of official communications of permission to land, of all civilities and hospitalities, beyond, perhaps, an occasional commiserating gift of wood and water—are followed by stern injunctions to depart, and polite, or threatening, requests never to return. The British, the French, the Russians, the Americans, have all made attempts, of late frequently repeated, to open political and commercial relations with Japan; but always in vain.

The Dutch are still allowed their annual voyage to the remote ports of Nagasaki, and their petty little factory on the mole of Desima; but even they are permitted, apparently, for no other purpose than that the Japanese government may keep up just so much communication with the world as will apprise it of the designs and movements of foreign powers. In the mean while it builds fortifications all along the coasts, and stations commissioners and interpreters in every port, equally prepared to repel warlike attacks or the visits of peaceful ambassadors. We are told that the King of Holland, during the Chi-

nese war, wrote to the Kubo, urging upon him the wisdom and necessity of opening his ports to the commerce of the world and thus securing the friendship, instead of inviting the hostility, of the Christian naval power.

The Japanese monarch delayed answering for two years, which were devoted to strengthening his armed defences; and then vouchsafed a reply, indicative both of shrewdness and unalterable resolution—"I have watched the events that forced a change of measures in China. To enjoy peace, I must exclude foreigners. It is easier to keep a dike in preservation than to prevent the enlargement of breaches, when once made. I have given orders accordingly; and the future will prove that my policy is wiser than that of China."

And upon this policy he acts, and doubtless will continue to act; and nothing but force will compel him to depart from a system which he thinks necessary for his safety. We are told that the visit of Com. Biddle to Yedo produced good effect, that the wisdom and moderation of the American envoy increased the emperor's respect for his democratic neighbors of the new world; but this is all idle supposition.

No doubt, the Kubo likes us better—that is, fears us less—than the English, the conquerors of the east around him, his warlike neighbors, in whose pale faces he sees the same danger which the Mexican Montezuma beheld in the bearded visages of the Spaniards. And, undoubtedly, he has reason for all his apprehensions. The English are a nation of merchants, and the Japanese are a race of proud nobles, who hold traders in particular contempt.

The merchant princes of Britain, who have broken so many ancient sceptres in Asia, might feel some pleasure in humbling the pride which contemns them; and their political agents would find an excellent field for sowing the seed of dissensions, in the particular position and relations of the Dairi and Kubo, the spiritual and military emperors of the kingdom. Nor is there any greater inclination in England than elsewhere to indulge the islanders longer in their unsocial humors.

As long as six months ago it was proposed that a contemplated British mission to Japan should embrace "a first-rate line-of-battle ship, with a frigate and two or three war steamers," not to overawe the emperor—oh, no! but only that, "from the magnitude of the mission, he might infer the greatness of the country which sent it."

It is very much to be apprehended, that when such a mission appears at Yedo, its commander may interpret a refusal to receive an envoy as an insult to the British crown requiring to be summarily revenged. It will be, then, fortunate for the imperial city that the shallow waters of the bay, preventing the near approach of ships, can protect it from immediate bombardments. But troops can be landed, and some fortress or other stormed and held, until, with an army marching to the attack of the vast capital, the Kubo of Japan is compelled to submit to all the demands of the invader, under pain, otherwise, of having his empire converted into a British colony. And *this* might be apprehended as the ultimate result whether commercial relations are peacefully granted or forced at the point of the sword. But the Japanese appear to be, as a people, far superior to the Chinese, and there is reason to believe they would not yield without a brave and sanguinary struggle.

From Chambers' Journal.

CHARLES EDWARD AT PRESTONPANS.

BY D. M. MOIR, (Δ.)*

[Written after walking over the field with Robert Chambers, on the centenary of the battle, 21st September, 1845.]

GRIM and cloud-begirt the morning
Rose from out the German wave ;
Blindly landward clouds of vapor
Through the woods of Seaton drave ;
While, amid the dewy stubble,†
Eager for the approach of day,
Prone beneath their plaids and war-cloaks,
Side by side two armies lay.

Tolled forth "six" the clock of Preston,
Woke from dawn to day the morn,
And the first red streaks of sunlight
Gilded Westfield's branching Thorn ;‡
Then the billowy mists disparting,
As the light breeze came and went,
Showed the Highland host in silence
Threading downwards from Tranent.

Shrilly blown, the royal trumpet
Bade each corps its place assume ;
Steeds were mounted, muskets shouldered,
Glittered flag, and nodded plume :
Rose the mists up like a curtain
To the ceiling of the sky ;
And the plain's wide diorama
Lay displayed before the eye.

Fast they closed, two hostile armies,
Hostile, yet of kindred blood,
Till the ranks of either's vanguard
Face to face opposing stood :
For a moment all was voiceless—
Every heart in prayer was hushed ;
Then each clan struck up its pibroch,
And the mass to battle rushed !

* [Reprinted, with the concurrence of the author, from the *Dumfries Herald* (newspaper).]

† The army of Charles Edward moved from the west to the east side of Tranent, after it had become dark, on the evening preceding the battle, and bivouacked, stretching along the northern face of the slope, from the churchyard eastwards. The prince himself lay in a bean-field, amid the cut bunches, which were still on the ground, near the farm-house of Green Wells.

‡ This venerable tree in part remains, but the main trunk was blown down in 1833, after having been very much injured by the quantity of fragments abstracted by visitors in the shape of relics. The field was visited by Sir Walter Scott in 1831 ; and a small drinking-cup, or *quaich*, constructed from a portion of the thorn, hooped with silver, and suitably inscribed, was prepared, to be presented to him on the occasion of a second promised visit, by Mr. H. F. Cadell, of Cockenzie, at whose house he spent the afternoon. That opportunity, however, never took place, the symptoms of Sir Walter's last illness having shortly afterwards shown themselves ; and the *quaich*, consequently, still remains in Mr. Cadell's possession.

It was under this thorn, which stands as nearly as possible in the centre of the battle-field, that Colonel Gardiner received his death-wound ; and hence, to the eyes of many, the spot where the Christian soldier fell is, to use the words of Collins, covered by

— "a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trode."

§ This scene has been touched with a pencil of light in Waverley, vol. ii., chap. xviii. :—"At this moment the sun, which was now risen above the horizon, dispelled the mist. The vapors rose like a curtain, and showed the two armies in the act of closing," &c.

Boom on boom the deep-mouthed cannon
Raked the ranks with crimson glare ;
But the clansmen scrugged their bonnets*
O'er their brows with dogged air ;
Clenched their teeth, unsheathed their broad-swords,
Cast their cumbering plaids aside,
And, as hedge-like moved their columns,†
Danger scorned, and death defied.

Louder blared the royal trumpet—
Hoarser rolled the kettle-drum,
As the carbed chargers, neighing,
Forward to the onset come :
Torrent-like, amid the tartans,
Splashed the horsemen's red array ;
But stood firm that dingy phalanx,
Like the rock before the spray.

To that grim salute the rifles
With a running fire replied :
Can it be, in spite of Gardiner,
That his troopers swerve aside ?
Vainly, to impede their panic,
Wheeled his horse and waved his sword ;
Vainly he appealed to duty,
Cheered them, checked them, and implored.

As the ocean-swell, resistless,
Backward bears the yielding dike,
So the Gael bore down the Saxon,
Mingling bayonet, blade, and pike :
Resolutely Cope and Hawley
Propped the ranks that gave a-way ;
While, though vainly, Home and Huntley
Battled to retrieve the day.

Horseless, with his knee on greensward,
As the life-blood from him poured,
"Rally, rally here !" cried Gardiner,
And aloft he waved his sword.
Round him fought a band devoted,
Till he sank upon the field :
Truer hero, Greek or Roman,
Ne'er was lifeless borne on shield !

Woe ! for good and gallant Gardiner,
For the soldier and the saint ;
Peace's lamb, and battle's lion,
Chivalry without a taint !
Asks the patriot for his tombstone ? ‡
All unmarked his ashes lie ;
But the soldier-friend of Doddridge §
Owns a name not soon to die !

* "It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders," says Mr. Chambers, "before an onset to *scrug* their bonnets—that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows—so as to insure them against falling off in the ensuing mêlée."—*History of Rebellion*, chap. xxiv.

† An eye-witness of the battle, in a communication inserted in the *Scots Magazine* of the day, describes their approach by this characteristic similitude.

‡ Colonel Gardiner was buried, as were eight of his children, at the eastern gable of the old church of Tranent ; but as that building was afterwards demolished for the erection of the present structure, the situation, I have understood, was built over. Before this was done, the tomb was opened, and the body showed itself in a very remarkable state of preservation ; but on exposure to the air, the powdered queue, fastened by its black ribbon, dropping off, exposed the skull, with its fatal fracture—a sad proof of identity !

§ The colonel, as is well known, found an able and affectionate biographer in his celebrated friend Dr. Doddridge, who, in 1747, published his "Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner"—a little work which to this day continues to enjoy an uninterrupted

From that ill-starred field of slaughter
Fled the panic-struck in swarms;
Strewed were all the paths to Bankton,
And to Wallyford, with arms;
On to Dolphinston and Birslie,
Fingalton and Prestonpans,
Rushed the fugitives, fear-scattered,
And pursued the shouting clans.

Day of triumph for the Stuart!
Fitful burst of sunny light!
And, at Falkirk, yet another,
Ere set in Culloden's night:
Then with eagles on the corrie,
Or with foxes under ground,
Hunted—homeless—and an hungered,*
Might thy rival, Guelph, be found.

Dismal, too, their after fortunes,
Who, in that mistaken cause,
By a zeal and faith unshaken,
Sought and won the world's applause:
Those laid life down on the scaffold—
These were scattered far and wide—
And, from foreign shores, in exile,
Looked to Scotland ere they died!

Looked to—yearned for—Scotland's mountains;
For the glen in purple glow;
For the castle, on its islet,
Mirrored in the loch below;
For the sheiling, wood-and-stream-girt,
Where Romance Youth's summer sped;
For the belfry by the gray kirk,
In whose shadow slept their dead.

Yet full long, from lips of fervor,
When the natal day came round,
Toasted was the name forbidden,
With a quenchless love profound;
And in bosom or in bonnet,
Still the emblem—Rose of Whitet—
Told the wearer, though he spake not,
Heart and soul a Jacobite!

Under Westfield's Thorn-tree standing,
Here Cockenzie—there Tranent—
On the fields we picture, map-like,
How the battle came and went:
Round are ranged the sheaves of harvest;
This is Preston; where are they
Who were victors, who were vanquished,
Just a hundred years this day!

In that question lies its answer:—
None who wished and watched the sun
On that morn of stormy warfare,
Now behold its beams—not one!
Year by year, Time's scythe hath thinned them,
Till have vanished quite, at length,
Even the scattered few surviving
Last, by reason of more strength.

popularity, and divides the winter evening hours by the rustic hearth with "The Scots Worthies," "Thomson's Seasons," and "Burns."

* The three great romantic episodes of modern warfare have always seemed to me—those of Charles Edward and his Highlanders in 1745; of Toussaint L'Ouverture and his Haytiens; and of Hofer and the Tyrolese in 1843. When we take into consideration the results flowing from the defeat of Culloden, and that the faith of a poor people was proof against the most tempting rewards, in a cause, moreover, where everything was to be lost, and nothing could be gained, the first of the three is certainly the most extraordinary.

† The white rose and the white cockade were the Stuart insignia; and, as such, respected and venerated by their partisans.

Newer wars and woes have followed,
Other fields been fought and won;
Each fresh generation wrapt in
Aims and objects of its own:
And as, loitering, the wayfarer
Casts on Preston crofts his eye,
Deeply from the past and present
Reads his heart a homily!

From the Westminster Review.

A Picture-Book without Pictures. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. From the German Translation of De la Motte Fouqué, by Meta Taylor. London: David Bogue, 86, Fleet street. 1847.

MARY HOWITT, was, we believe, the first to introduce these charming little sketches to English readers; in a collected form, and in Mrs. Taylor's elegant version, they must attain still greater popularity. How characteristic is the Danish author's preface!

He says:—

"I am a poor fellow, living in one of the narrowest of streets; yet there is no want of light, for I live high up, and have a view over all the roofs. For some days after I first came to town, the whole scene around appeared to me crowded yet lonely. In place of the groves and green hills, I saw nothing but dark gray chimneys, as far as my eye could reach. I met with no one whom I knew, no familiar face greeted me.

"One evening I was standing, with a heavy heart, at the casement. I opened it and looked out. Imagine my delight, when I beheld the face of an old friend—a round, kind face, looking down upon me—my best friend, in my little garret. It was the moon, the dear old moon, with the same unaltered gleam, just as she appeared when, through the branches of the willows, she used to shine upon me, as I sat on the mossy bank beside the river. I kissed my hand to her, and she beamed full into my chamber, and promised to look in upon me whenever she went out; and this she has faithfully done. At every visit she tells me of one thing or another that she has seen during the past night, in her silent passage across the sky. 'Sketch what I relate to you,' said the moon at her first visit, 'and you will have a pretty picture-book.' I acted upon the hint; in my own fashion I could give a new 'Thousand and one Nights' in pictures; but this would be too tedious. The sketches I present are not selected, but given as I received them; a painter, poet, or musician might make something of them. What I offer are merely slight sketches upon paper, the framework of my thought."

How full of truth and feeling is the "Fifteenth Evening."

"I knew a Pulcinello, said the moon. The folks all shouted whenever he made his appearance on the stage. All his movements were comical, and raised peals of laughter in the house, although there was nothing in particular to call it forth—it was only his oddity. Even when a mere lad, romping about with the other boys, he was a Pulcinello. Nature formed him for the character, by putting a hump on his back and another on his chest. But the mind that was concealed beneath this deformity was, on the contrary, richly endowed. No one possessed a deeper feeling, a more vigorous elasticity of spirit than he. The stage was his world of ideals; had he been tall and handsome, every manager would have hailed him as his first tragedian. All that was heroic and great filled his soul,

and still his lot was to be a Pulcinello. His very sorrow, his melancholy, heightened the dry comicality of his sharply-marked features, and aroused the laughter of a ticklish public, who applauded its favorite.

"The lovely Columbine was good and kind to him, and yet she preferred to give her hand to Harlequin. It would indeed have been too comical a thing in reality if 'Beauty and the Beast' had married. Whenever Pulcinello was dejected, she was the only one who could bring a smile upon his face, but she could even make him laugh outright. At first she was melancholy like him, then somewhat calmer, and at last overflowing with fun. 'I know well enough what ails you,' she said; 'it is love, and love alone!' And then he could not help laughing. 'Love and I!' he exclaimed; 'that would be droll indeed; how the folks would clap and shout.'

"'It is love alone,' she repeated with a comical pathos; 'you love—you love me!'

"Ay, people may speak thus when they imagine that in others' hearts there is no love. Pulcinello skipped high into the air and his melancholy was gone. And yet she had spoken the truth; he did love her; he loved her truly, fervently, as he loved all that was noble and beautiful in art. On her wedding-day he seemed the merriest of the merry; but in the night he wept; had the folks seen his wry face they would have clapped their hands.

"Not long ago Columbine died. On the day when she was buried, Harlequin had leave not to appear upon the boards; was he not a mourning widower? But the manager had to give something very merry, that the public might the less miss the pretty Columbine and the agile Harlequin. So the nimble Pulcinello had to be doubly merry; he danced and skipped about—despair in his heart—and all clapped their hands and cried 'Bravo, bravissimo!' Pulcinello was called for. Oh, he was beyond all price!

"Last night, after the performance, little Humpback strolled out of the town, toward the lonely churchyard. The wreath of flowers upon Columbine's grave had already faded. There he sat down; it was a perfect picture; his chin resting upon his hand, his eyes turned toward me—a Pulcinello upon the grave, peculiar, and comical. Had the folks seen their favorite, how they would have clapped and cried, 'Bravo, Pulcinello! bravo, bravissimo!'—p. 43.

"SIXTEENTH EVENING.

"Hear what the moon related to me next. Often have I seen young officers, parading for the first time in their splendid uniforms—I have seen maidens in their ball-dress—the handsome bride of a prince arrayed in her festal attire; but no joy to be compared to that which I witnessed last evening in a child, a little girl four years of age. She had received a present of a new little blue frock, and a new rose-colored bonnet. The finery was already put on, and all present called out for candles, for the light of the moon-beams that shone in at the window was far too little. 'Light, light!' was the cry. There stood the maiden as stiff as a doll; her little arms anxiously stretched out from the frock, and the fingers wide apart from each other; and oh, how her eyes and every feature beamed with joy!

"'To-morrow you shall go out,' said her mother. And the little girl looked up at her bonnet, then down at her frock, and smiled with rapture.

'Mother,' said she, 'what will the dogs think when they see me in my smart dress?'—p. 47.

"TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

"I looked down upon the Tyrol with a soft and saddened smile, said the moon, and the pine trees cast their deep shadows upon the rugged rocks.

"High up, between two pointed summits of the western acclivity of the mountain range, stands a lonely nunnery, looking like a swallow's nest wedged in between the rocks. Two of the sisters were above in the tower, tolling the bell; they were both young, and they looked forth over the mountains into the wide world beyond. A travelling-carriage rolled past on the road below; the postilion's horn sounded, and as the poor nuns looked down on it, their thoughts unconsciously followed the glance; a tear glistened in the eye of the younger sister—the horn was heard more and more faintly, until at length the convent bells silenced its dying sound."—p. 65.

With this we must quit Andersen's charming picture-gallery, though with regret, and in the hope of meeting the artist again ere long.

THE DRUMMOND LIGHT.

SINCE the commencement of the present century, through the rapid extension of the science of chemistry, vast improvements have taken place in the methods employed for artificial illumination. Thus, the general introduction of gas-lights in most of our larger cities, has furnished a light for streets and dwellings, much superior to that previously obtained from oil or candles. The Argand lamp has been introduced, and with the aid of parabolic reflectors, has been successfully applied to light-house illumination. The Bude, Drummond, and French lights, with many others, have been given to the world, and have respectively won for themselves a large share of public favor. Of these, the one known, from its inventor, as the "Drummond Light," probably ranks the first. In 1824, Lieut. Drummond, then engaged in a government survey of Ireland, in which it was frequently desirable to take the respective bearings of points, some 70 or 80 miles distant, felt the want of a light for communicating such information, that could be visible at a greater distance than any yet known. The firing of rockets, and similar means that were usually resorted to, could only be employed to advantage, where the stations were not widely separated, and when the atmosphere was quite clear from any haze, which was seldom the case. It had for a long time been known that lime, with some of the other earths, became very luminous when exposed to an intense heat, such, for instance, as that obtained by combining a jet of oxygen gas with the flame of spirits of wine; but the happy idea of rendering this property of the earths subservient to practical purposes, was reserved for Lieut. Drummond. After a series of experiments, he found that by throwing the united flame of spirits of wine, and oxygen gas upon a BALL OF LIME, only three eighths of an inch in diameter, a light was obtained of such brilliancy as to be fully equal to that emitted from thirteen Argand burners; almost too intense for the eye to bear. Of later years, it has undergone a slight modification, hydrogen gas having been substituted for the spirits of wine, as being less expensive, and perhaps otherwise preferable. The apparatus is very simple; it consists of two gasometers, in which the respective gases are gener-

ated; from thence proceed two tubes, which unite near the ball, so as to form, there, but one. The gas is conveyed by these tubes to the ball of lime, and there ignited; and with the ball is connected an arrangement for replenishing the balls as fast as consumed; if desirable, a parabolic reflector is added, thus rendering it complete. This light was found to answer admirably the purpose for which it was designed—for signals, to be given at great distances. In several trials made with it to test its powers, it was distinctly seen as a clear, white, vivid light, at a distance exceeding 70 miles; thus placing its claim to superiority over all others beyond dispute.

THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

Bay of Panama, on board Her Majesty's ship Herald, February 6th, 1847.

In your letter of the 15th December, which I received the 24th January, you ask my opinion respecting canals and roads across the Isthmus of Panama. I have had ample leisure to learn what people think and say here about this matter, and I have also seen what has been written and published on the subject. French surveyors have examined the whole territory, and are in favor of a canal; and the "Journal des Debats" fancied, some time since, that French three-deckers would soon be able to make a passage through the isthmus. I have seen the plans, and must acknowledge that they are very ingenious; unfortunately they are not practicable. They might be, if this country were sufficiently inhabited; but since a man may travel here for days together without meeting with even a single human being, it is easy to perceive that there is a total want of hands for such gigantic enterprises. Nor are there any laborers to spare in the West India Islands, and if Europeans were brought hither they could not perform the work; they would speedily perish, as did happen during former days with five hundred Irishmen, who arrived as settlers. The Spanish authorities made prisoners of them, and employed them to make a road. They were by no means forced to labor severely. The length of the day here is only twelve hours, and during the hottest hours those people were allowed to rest; yet they all perished in a short period—not one survived.

If we consider the expense which the introduction of Europeans, the importation of provisions, tools and materials, would imply, it would be found to exceed every possible estimate, and amount to far more than any company or nation could afford to furnish. Besides this project of a canal, others have been started; but whoever has seen the country and is acquainted with the locality and other circumstances, is forced to acknowledge that all are equally impracticable. Mr. Loyd's proposal of a railway has found much favor. His plan is to make a railroad from the river *Trinidad* to *La Chorrera*. This would not touch *Panama*, unless connected with it by a branch road. Others want to proceed up the river *Chagres* as far as *Gorgona* and *Cruces*, small villages in the centre of the country, and from thence by railroad to *Panama*. These projects, although probably less impracticable than that of the canal, would still cost enormous sums. Many hills, rivers, and ravines would have to be passed, causing labor and outlay beyond all

reasonable means. The most rational and feasible plan, and one which has been generally approved of, is the making an ordinary road, practicable for wagons and carriages, although there are neither wagons, carriages, nor carts in the whole country. But there is no money here to defray the expense—in fact there are no means to repair the old causeway, only four feet wide, and formerly constructed by the Spaniards.

The Atlantic steam navigation company has offered to contribute largely towards the repair of the said causeway from *Cruces* to *Panama*, and has had it surveyed for that purpose, because of the complaints of travellers, many of whom prefer the long passage round Cape Horn—a strong proof indeed of the abominable state of the road. It is, in fact, thought—and I believe justly—that within a couple of years it will be perfectly impassable; but, nevertheless, the causeway will not be repaired, nor a new road be made. They think, at Bagota, that the rise of *Panama* would ruin the three provinces, and therefore oppose all proposals of this kind. This miserable jealousy checks all advance, and *Panama*, formerly so flourishing, but now more than half in ruins—called the *Golden Cup*, because of its wealth—will probably be, fifty years from hence, but a heap of rubbish.

Yours, faithfully,

BERTHOLD SEEMAN,

Naturalist on board H. M. S. Herald.

Westminster Review.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

LINGER not long. Home is not home without thee:

Its dearest tokens only make me mourn.

Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee,

Gently compel and hasten thy return.

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy staying,

Bethink thee; can the mirth of friends, though dear,

Compensate for the grief thy long delaying

Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,

As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell;

When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,

And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,

As night draws dark and darker on the hill!

How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!

Oh! art thou absent, art thou absent still!

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth me

Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;

For oh! I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,

My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home into thy mountain dwelling!

Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest!

Haste as a skiff, when tempests wide are swelling,

Flies to its haven of securest rest!

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE GIANT MOUNTAINS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUQUÉ.

Love ye to listen to a goodly tale,
 Full of simplicity, yet full of marvel,
 Brightness and beauty, like the days of old ?
 Then follow me,
 Back through full many a hoary century !
 Come to the Giant Mountains,
 Which separate Silesia from Bohemia—
 Deep in the deepest of their shadowy glens,
 Just at the hour when Eve her dewy mantle,
 Streaked with a few faint lines of sunny gold,
 Spreads forth, admonishing to sweet repose !
 But in the mountain-woods
 The shepherds roam in terror to and fro,
 Gaze upward fearfully, and, if a sound
 Cleave the gray clouds above like rustling wings,
 Dive under bush and reed, and murmur hoarsely,
 "The griffin ! ah, the griffin ! God defend us !"
 One only of their band,
 A tall slight youth, with waving locks, and face
 In its smooth freshness well-nigh maidenly,
 Sits, seemingly untroubled, on the brow
 Of a green eminence, now steeped in light
 By the red glory of the sinking sun,
 And plays upon his pipe,
 And sings full many a careless verse between.
 Sweet, sweet, their melody !
 Then wrath was mingled with the anxious fear
 Of the old cowherd Hans, and thus he spake :—
 "Nay, Gottsche," (thus it was the peasants'
 manner

To call that graceful youth amid his friends,
 Though Gottschalk was the name he truly bore)—
 "Nay, Gottsche, trillest thou the merry pipe,
 And singest, like a gay unreasoning bird,
 'T the midst of such great peril ?"
 Young Gottschalk nodded with a friendly smile,
 And still pursued his strain.
 Ill pleased, the old man shook his reverend head
 And greatly marvelled. "Well," he said at length,
 And, as he spake, clombe upwards to the youth ;
 "Well, well, the peril 's over for to-day ;
 The griffin 's in her nest, and there she feeds
 A brood of growing griffins like herself,
 Who shall, in days to come, be our destruction."
 Herewith the garrulous old man began
 A piteous tale of plunder and distress,
 Reckoning the numbers of the monster's prey.
 "I too," young Gottschalk, with a nod, replied—
 "I, too, have lost the fairest of my flock ;
 Six of my lambs the ravening beast hath seized."

HANS.

And there he sits and trifles with his pipe,
 As though 't were nothing ! Nay, but tell me,
 Gottsche,
 What, thinkest thou, will be the end of this ?

GOTTSCHALK.

I know not, good old Hans ; in truth, I know not :
 I prithee, let me play !

HANS.

Nay, thou must hear me :
 I'll picture thee the fashion of the end :
 I see each step in detail to a hair.
 First, one by one, it will devour our flocks,
 Sheep, oxen, calves, and lambs ; when none are
 left,
 Of all the herds, then comes the herdsman's turn !

Ay, even now, I've watched it through the clouds,
 If suddenly a man hath come in sight,
 Roll hungrily its cursed and gloating eyes,
 As if impatient for its prey.

GOTTSCHALK.

Fear nothing,
 Thou good lean Hans, 't will make no meal of thee.

HANS.

Jest on. But who can say ! All things are re-
 lished
 When hunger 's in extremity. There 's no help—
 That which we cannot cure, we needs must bear.

GOTTSCHALK.

Ah, mine old friend, I think with thee entirely ;
 Could we but bring the griffin where a band
 Of vigorous shepherds like myself might greet her,
 And battle with her on the firm free ground,
 Methinks her appetite were soon appeased.
 But lightning-like she shoots
 Out of the lofty air, and grasps her prey,
 And lightning-like is back again. How now !
 There 's nothing to be done.

HANS.

I know it, Gottsche,
 And for this cause I mourn.

GOTTSCHALK.

Nay, for this cause
 I play and sing.

HANS.

But does it profit thee ?

GOTTSCHALK.

And do thy lamentations profit thee ?
 Now, hold thy peace, and hearken for a space ;
 I'll sing thee a fair strain I made but now.

"O fir-tree ! O fir-tree !

Thou wear'st a noble mien,
 Green art thou in the summer,
 And in the winter green !"

HANS.

Right sweetly made ! Come, come, 't is an old
 song ;
 I sang it when no higher than thy knee.

GOTTSCHALK.

Nay, hear me out. Somewhat that is not old
 I've added to the strain. The fir-tree answers :

"O shepherd ! O shepherd !

Green must I ever be,
 For in summer and in winter
 The same sweet light I see."

"O fir-tree ! O fir-tree !

Now name to me thy light !
 My heart is like thy branches,
 Forever green and bright.

Like the heath upon the mountain,
 Or the May-dew soft and sheen—

O fir-tree ! O fir-tree !

Speak, why art thou so green ?"

The tree now answers for the second time :
 Attend, now comes the beauty of my lay.

"O shepherd ! O shepherd !

A vision passed me by,
 Fair as the youthful morning
 In cloudless radiancy.

Fragile as spring-side willows,
Slight as my fir-stem high,
Soft as the river-lily,
Young as a butterfly!"

HANS.

Methinks thou speakest of the duke's fair daughter,
Who trod of late our woodland floors; at least
Her image rises up before mine eyes,
Clearly and brightly while thou sing'st; go on,
For the lay pleases me.

GOTTSCHALK.

"The vision is a maiden
Of high and noble blood,
With squires and ladies round her,
And all of gladsome mood:
For this my mood is gladsome,
My boughs are green with hope,
Because she will come back again
When the first violets ope!"

HANS.

True for the violets; but, alas, dear fir-tree,
The griffin's hovering shape will scare her hence.

GOTTSCHALK.

"O fir-tree! O fir-tree!
Bold are we both, I ween;
The self-same hope hath made us
Forever fresh and green!"

HANS.

What says the fir-tree now?

GOTTSCHALK.

The lay is ended.

HANS.

Ah, gentle shepherd, that is well for thee.

GOTTSCHALK.

Why?

HANS.

For methinks the tree could only say,
"O shepherd! O shepherd!"
I cannot fashion thee the phrase in rhyme,
But thus, in simple prose, the tree must answer:
"O shepherd, thou art crazy! Sing of hope,
And, in the same breath, name the duke's fair
daughter!"

Why, her next visit to our woods will quench
The last faint spark of reason in thy brain.
Ah, Gottsche, I must laugh at thee! Poor Gott-
sche!"

Hear'st thou, thus speaks the tree.

GOTTSCHALK.

Nay, I can give the fir-tree leave to laugh,
If he desire it; 't is the same to me.
A fair good night, old Hans.

And blithely sprang he homewards down the moun-
tain.

Awhile the old man stood, and shook his head,
And gazed upon him, murmuring to himself,
"Young blood—mad thoughts! The proverb is a
true one!"

II.

A herald winds his clarion in the woods,
And Gottschalk, who beholds him from afar,
And loves to look upon all noble sights,
And loves to listen to all novel tidings,
Leaps, lightly as a bird, from crag to crag,

Till, standing in the valley, he salutes
The stranger courteously. Right graceful seemed
The agile shepherd in the herald's eyes;
Reining his snow-white steed, which proudly wore
Its brodered housings as a robe of honor,
He answered graciously. Then Gottschalk spake:

"O gentle herald,
Fain would I ask thee, if I fitly may,
On what fair errand thou art hither sent?"
Then smiled the herald, stroked his sable beard,
And answered thus:

"I bring a message, friendly shepherd youth,
To all the knights and lords of mountain castles,
By which, if such be God's good will, shall come
Deliverance to you dwellers in the vale."

"May I not hear this message?"

"Readily:

I' the ears of all the world I must proclaim it."
Herewith upon his golden horn he blew
A blast reverberant, and with mighty voice
Challenged the forest-echoes in these words:
"Greetings and favor from our lord the duke
To every Christian dweller in the land!
Whereas 't is known to many, that for long
A monstrous griffin hath devoured the flocks
And scared the trembling shepherds, unopposed
Spreading its devastation o'er the plains;
Our gracious master, to the valiant man
Who shall subdue and slay this hideous monster,
Offers, as prize and pledge of victory,
The hand of Adiltrude, his only daughter,
So peerless in her beauty and her grace.
Up, warriors, to the fight! Arm, heroes, arm!"
Again the trumpet pours its echoing note;
The herald turns to ride upon his way;
But Gottschalk steps, with flashing eyes, before
him,

And speaks:

"What? was thy message only to the knights?
Nay, it hath wider span—its terms embrace
Each Christian dweller in the land!"

"'T is true,

Shepherd, 't is true; yet only by a knight
Could such a deed of marvel be achieved.
Go to thy flocks, and guard them from the griffin!"
He went his way, and Gottschalk sought his flocks,
Musing, and heedless of the fleecy treasure,
So that his mates scarce recognized the youth,
Who made but now the mountain-woods resound
With the blithe music of his careless songs;
And, stranger even than this, from time to time
The clear eyes of the silent youth would flash
As with the pride and joy of victory!

III.

"Where 's Gottsche, to make music for the dance,
And join its mazes in his gladsome manner!"
Thus cry the maidens—thus the shepherds cry—
In vain!

Far through the twilight's late and deepening shad-
ows

The youth had wandered forth;
Through the most trackless chasms of the mountain,
Where never yet the foot of man hath been,
He boldly climbs; before, with heavy wings,
Slowly, half-weary'd with the weight she carries,
And heedless of the youth's pursuing steps,
Rushes the griffin. Gottschalk plants his foot
Softly, scarce audibly, and holds his breath,
Watching, with wary ever-restless eyes,
The progress of his devastating foe.
The griffin stoops—doubtless her nest is here,
In the tall branches of yon monstrous oak,

Right on the towering cliff's most lofty crest.
 Ha! hark how suddenly the ancient branches
 Do stir and rustle!
 Hark to that shrill and hissing sound, and see
 How from the leaves a group of scaly throats,
 With various hues all hideous in their brightness,
 Stretch forth to meet their booty-laden mother,
 Who hisses her shrill answer of grim joy.
 And now begins the banquet, (close at hand
 The shepherd, peering from his giddy height,
 Looks sheer upon the horrors of the nest:)
 Now do the bones of strangled oxen crack
 Like dry boughs smitten with the axe, and now
 The greedy griffin brood break off their revel
 To quarrel for the dainties; curl and twist
 Their ghastly necks in many a filthy knot,
 Biting each other, and with barbed claws
 Clutching and griping at each other's throats.
 The aged griffin, barbarous peacemaker,
 Lashes her angry children with her wings;
 Wild howl the savage brood, and then again
 Renew their feasting, fight, and howl again,
 While, from the oak's tall stem,
 Gushes a hideous stream of mingled blood
 From strife and banquet poured—from slain and
 slayer.

Reeling with horror, Gottsche well-nigh sank
 From his tall crag, but manned himself, and grasped
 The side, and firmly stood; and having seen
 All that he sought, with slow and cautious steps
 Clombe downwards unperceived, and paused once
 more,

Safe for the present, in the peaceful vale.

IV.

Now, with his herdsman's staff, iron-tipped and
 sharpened

Like a good battle-axe, upon his shoulder,
 Gottschalk sets forth upon his weary way,
 Beneath the burning noon,
 When, as he knows, the monster leaves her nest,
 And seeks her prey amid the distant plains.
 By scattered boughs and fragmentary rocks,
 And many another sign which his quick eye
 Had noted heedfully, he find his path:
 The mountain-desolation deepened round him,
 And he must press through many a narrowing pass
 Where youth's slight form and swift dexterity
 Can scarce avail to save him. Torrents there
 Rush on with wild lamenting sounds, and pines
 Groan in the howling tempest. Nature seems
 To cry with an articulate voice, "Back, back,
 Thou hapless shepherd of the gladsome heart!
 Back, or thy doom is fixed, forever fixed!
 Thou diest alone amid the dreary mountains,
 And thy poor body finds not even a tomb!"
 His young and buoyant heart did well-nigh sink:
 But then he took his pipe, true friend and faithful,
 Which never left his side, and drew therefrom
 Sounds of blithe melody, and sang this lay:

"When weary shepherds lie asleep,
 Beneath the noonday's sultry sky,
 Then Gottschalk leaves his harmless sheep,
 And seeks the mountains wild and high.
 'O shepherd youth, where wouldst thou go?
 O daring heart, thy pride must fall!'
 'Nay, sleepers, nay, ye must not know;
 My secret is above you all.'"

Soft as the murmurs of a whispered tale
 Dies the pipe's lingering echo, gently, gently.
 And in the shepherd's heart

There woke a light benign,
 And airily he trod, as if on wings.
 'T was but a transient courage, for not yet
 Hath he the rightful source of strength explored;
 Once more dark shadows fall upon his soul,
 And terror creeps along his quaking limbs;
 Then he kneeled down beside a mossy stone
 Reverently, as though it were the holy altar
 Within the village church;
 And to the music of a murmured hymn
 The shepherd lifted up his voice and prayed;
 "O dear and gracious God! Thine eye is on me;
 Thou seest I seek no evil. I am bent
 To slay the monsters which devour our flocks;
 And this I seek, to serve my lawful prince,
 And save my friends and fellow-countrymen.
 Why sufferest thou my soul to grow so dark?
 Thou know'st the deepest secrets of my breast;
 Thou know'st my heart is set on somewhat more,
 Somewhat most glorious. Ah! is this a sin?
 Now, if it be a sin, release me from it!
 Withhold from me that peerless prize; reserve it
 To grace another and a better man!
 Only vouchsafe me victory in thy strength,
 To bless our groaning land;
 Or, if that may not be, vouchsafe me death!"
 And a voice gave answer in his heart, and said,
 "Go forward in thine innocence, and fear not!"

V.

Up from his knees he sprang—
 There seemed a sudden dawn of deathless light—
 Fresh life and hope exultant nerve his limbs;
 And, as he climbs along the rugged way,
 He dares to think upon his peerless prize.
 "Hideous and spiteful griffin-brood! I see
 Your grim looks watching me, I hear your voices
 Lift up their shrill and hissing scream. I know
 ye!

Ye crave my bones to grace your ghastly banquet!
 Ha! how ye stare upon me! Hans was right;
 Ye would devour us all. Your hour is come.
 Ay, roll your fiery eyes in wrath, and whet
 Your crooked claws, and rear in rage malign
 The bright and bristling crests upon your heads!
 I care not!
 I love to see ye look so terrible,
 Else might it pain me thus with fire to burn
 Your living forms! Now to the work of death!"
 A branch he kindles on a lofty stem,
 And lifts it up with toil to touch the nest.
 Ha! how the dry bark catches, flames and flares!
 The oak itself, so often steeped in blood
 That its parched leaves no longer greenly flourish,
 And its stiff boughs are hollow, dried, and dead—
 The oak itself is kindled by the fire—
 It hisses, it rustles, it cracks,
 And through the tumult of the rising flames
 Pierce the shrill howlings of the tortured brood.
 Far on her bloody way
 The mother-griffin heard.
 And measuring a league with every stroke
 Of her colossal wings, she rushes upward,
 Shadowing the mountain with a fearful darkness.
 Then Gottschalk thought, "the dream of life is
 past!"

And gave his soul into the hands of God.
 But, heedless of revenge,
 The griffin strikes and strives to quench the flame
 With her huge wings; strikes with such eager
 fury,
 That Gottschalk marvelled how so fierce a monster
 Should yet preserve her children by the risk

Of her own life. In vain! The grisly brood
Lie scorched and stifled in the pangs of death;
And, lo, the flame hath caught the griffin's wings,
As if in thirst for vengeance!

The reeling monster falls upon the grass.
Now, shepherd, now! Where is thy ready staff?
Now! Lose no moment! For the wrathful beast,
Frantic with rage and pain, hath reared itself
On its broad feet, and stands, half-tottering,
But dreadful still, and eager for the fight:
Then had the hapless youth been crushed to
nothing,

But that he lifted up his heart to God,
And that a vision of inspiring beauty
Rose on his soul, and bade him not despair!
Stroke upon stroke he hurls against the foe;
He stabs it in the fiery eye—the beast
Rears in wild rage, then, quick as thought, the
staff

Pierces its undefended breast, and sinks,
Sure, deep, and deadly, in the ruthless heart!
It roars as with the congregated voices
Of thousand oxen; reels, and strikes its wings
Once more, with impotent fury, on the earth—
And all is over!
The terror of the land lies stiff in death!

All breathless Gottschalk leans
Upon his conquering staff, and looks around
Upon the scene, now steeped in evening coolness;
Soft airs steal up, as if in gratitude,
Fanning his weary brow, and lifting thence
The wavy curls of his abundant hair;
While his young face, all glowing from the battle,
Smiles forth refreshed, in tranquil joyousness.

VI.

The shepherd stood before the ducal castle,
And at his side the slaughtered monster lay;
Laboriously, by strength of linked cords,
His hands had drawn it from the hill; and now,
Blushing for shame, he stood and eyed the ground,
Girt by a ring of gazing lords and knights.
Scarce dared he thing upon the peerless prize,
So poor he seemed, and worthless, to himself.
The duke stood deeply musing; first he gazed
Upon the griffin, then upon the youth,
And then into the depths of his own heart.
He waves his hand—a page departs in haste
And seeks the palace-hall,
To summon thence the Lady Adiltrude.
Then stepped a baron forth, and whispered low
In the duke's ear:

"Can this be earnest? Give you to a peasant
That queen of loveliness?"

"He slew the griffin;
The prize is his."

"Aye, if he were a knight!"
"My words were spoken to all Christian men."

"Great duke, how could so wild and strange a
dream

Enter the thought of man?"

"Nay, it hath entered
The thought of God."

"Most noble prince,
Thou knowest I hoped myself—"

"Fair sir, your pardon;
Why was it not thyself that slew the griffin?"

Now, blushing, trembling, shrinking,
Forth from her chamber comes fair Adiltrude;
Silent are all, and shadowed every eye,
And even the duke's proud heart grew sorrowful;
Yet he bethought him of his plighted word,

And raised his head, and looked upon the throng
With steadfast and indomitable eyes.
The maiden stepped into the wondering circle,
Her soft hands folded on her breast, her looks
Fastened on heaven; so stood she for a moment,
Then, full of trustful joy and glad submission,
She took the youth's right hand,
Bent low before her noble sire, and spake:
"By this brave arm our hapless land was freed;
Mine honored father, bless the shepherd's bride!"

VII.

Lo, with the earliest beams of breaking morn
Once more young Gottschalk drives his flocks
afield!

What means he? Is he not a mighty lord,
Ay, a duke's son!
Or has the prince recalled his plighted word?
Or is fair Adiltrude unfaithful found?
Forbid it God! Those true and lofty hearts
Are changeless in their purity. But thus
The honorable duke hath mildly said:
"My son, thou needest castles, lands, and lord-
ships,

As fitting portion for my gentle child.
So, when the first faint gleam
Of rising daylight smiles upon the mountain,
Take in thy hand thy conquering shepherd-staff,
And, for the last time, drive thy fleecy herds
Forth, over field and hill, nor pause to rest
Till sinks the sun upon thy weary steps;
The space of earth which in that space of time
The circle of thy wandering course contains,
I grant to thee and to thy shepherd bride."
It was for Adiltrude! How eagerly
The agile Gottschalk led his willing flocks!
How merrily his lambs tripped after him!
They timed their marching to the mirthful pipe;
And amid other lays,
Whose joyous notes beguiled the busy way,
This gladsome strain the conquering shepherd
sang:

"Land and lordship who winneth to-day,
That the bride of his love may have meet array!
The shepherd! the shepherd! 'tis he!
Look down, thou glittering sun! Give ear,
Ye brooklets, murmuring deep and clear!
And ye familiar woods and dear,
Listen, and marvel, and see!"

"What troops are marching in warlike pride
To conquer castles for that sweet bride!
Hark to the tinkling bell!
Look at the lambs, as in sport they glide
Through the shadowy reeds so twisted and tall—
Look, and listen, and marvel all,
Sun, forest, fount, and well!"

And, lo, when sank the dewy eventide,
Young Gottschalk, with his merry pipe and song,
Had paced around a piece of land so goodly
That it was named a county! As he drove
His flocks again before the ducal castle,
Smiling the prince beheld him from the casement,
And thought within himself: "This is God's will,
And therefore must be good." Far other thoughts
Sir Baldwin cherished in his haughty heart—
(This was the knight of whom I spake but now,
And told ye how he whispered to the duke)—
He stood before the gate, with smiles of scorn
Greeting the shepherd: "Good luck, gentle
Gottsche!
Gramercy, Gottsche, but thy sheep are swift!"

Gottsche, thy sheep have won thee wondrous honor!"

The youth beheld him with his cloudless eyes,
And spake:

"Proud lord, to-day I must not answer thee,
But I shall find an hour for meet reply!"
And, singing still, he passed into the castle.

VIII.

Now through the painted windows of the chapel
The consecrated torches pour their light,
Solemnly beautiful; in cope and alb
The priest awaits that wondrous bridal pair;
The hallelujah sounds,
The stately train begins—
Then kneeled the shepherd youth before the duke
Lowly upon his knee, and spake these words:
"My prince, thy generous bounty hath endowed me

With goodly lands and noble store of wealth
For grace and nurture of my gentle bride;
But, ah! the grace and nurture of the soul,
And knightly skill in martial exercise,
And many another high and noble gift
Pertaining to the character of a knight,
Which I so covet—these, as yet, I have not.
Therefore, I pray you, keep awhile for me
My matchless pearl in your high guardianship,
Until I earn the knightly spurs, and all
Own me a fitting warder for her brightness.
Not gold itself is deemed a worthy setting
For a rare gem till it be purified."
A glad assent the gracious monarch gave,
And to a gray-haired knight of noble race
And high renown in arms he led the shepherd,
To learn the fair profession which he sought.
Well pleased, the hero hailed the gallant student;
And, as they left the castle, side by side,
The lady Adiltrude stretched forth her hand,
White as a swan's soft breast, and suffered him
To seal their parting by a single kiss.

IX.

More than twelve moons had slowly waxed and waned,

And yet no tidings of the shepherd came.
Far in a lonely castle,
Girt by mysterious shades
Of mighty forests stretching far and wild,
The exiled master and his pupil dwelt.
When, on a sudden, to the duke's fair palace
There came a stranger knight;
His mail was silver bright, his pacing steed
White as the driven snow. Was this the shepherd?

To every heart it seemed impossible;
For with high courtesy and fearless grace,
Like a young prince, bred from his nurse's arms
Mid stately heroes and illustrious dames,
He to the ladies pays his fair devoir;
Before his lovely bride
Full reverently he bows,
His helmeted forehead crowned with waving plumes.
Far sweeter now the blushing maiden's smile,
Than that wherewith she graced the shepherd
Gottschalk

When he stood humbly by his tutor's side.
In joyful doubt the wondering duke must gaze,
Until the gray-haired knight stepped proudly forth,
And spake before them all: "Behold my pupil!
Three days ago, his trial fully past,
He took the gift of knighthood from this hand;
And now he begs a field, and here defies

Sir Baldwin to the combat,

For that he scorned him when he drove his flocks
Before the castle-gate." The duke consents.

Proud in his gleaming mail stands stern Sir Baldwin;

The lists are ordered in the castle-court,
While in the heaven-blue eyes of Adiltrude
Glimmers one pearly tear.

The clarion sounds. With what a stirring clash
The mail-clad warriors meet in lightning course!
Each, like a meteor, flashes past the other;
Each, like a statue, stirs not in the saddle;
Yet upward, with a quick and crackling sound,
Spring their far-splintered lances. Now they draw

Their glittering swords, and spur their gallant steeds

To fierce encounter.

Wildly and fast Sir Baldwin showers his blows;
Blithe-hearted Gottschalk, dexterous, light, and swift,

Shuns every stroke and parries every thrust,
Making his snowy steed curvet and dance
As though in sport, and dallying with his sword
As if it were a plaything. Baldwin seemed
The peasant, wearing his first mail, and fighting
In his first battle. Gottschalk bore himself

A graceful hero well approved in arms.
How should this be! "T was that Sir Baldwin felt
His skill o'er-mastered, and grew furious—
But strong and fearless was the shepherd knight,
And therefore could he trifle with his danger;
At every well-aimed thrust he proudly thought,
"My bride beholds my prowess!" Joyfully
His lady watched him; from her gentle heart
Fear, like a cloud, departed; with a smile
She looked upon the duke, who proudly gazed
Round on the circling crowds of knights and lords,
And seemed to say, "See, nobles, what a bridegroom

The grace of God hath granted to my child!"
Meanwhile Sir Baldwin

Urges the fight with such unguarded fury,
That, by a sudden charge, his foe unhorsed him.
Light from his steed the shepherd leaps upon him,
Wrests from his grasp the useless brand, and hurls it

Out of the lists, then gently raises him,
And speaks: "Sir Baldwin, I have wiped away
The shame which I, in former time, endured;
Therefore I pray you, wear this sword of mine
As a memorial and a sign of friendship."
He placed the glittering weapon, all embossed
With golden crosses and with jewelled hilt,
In the grasp of his astonished enemy.

Mutely Sir Baldwin bowed—
But soon his nobler nature conquered him;
He loosed his vizor's clasp, and showed his face,
Glowing with generous shame, to all the world;
Confessed his fault in honorable words,
And cast his arms about his victor's neck.
The prince cried, stooping from his balcony,
In gratulating tones,
"Come to my heart, my true and gallant son!"

X.

Now raised the duke the kneeling knight, and spake,
While o'er his shoulders Lady Adiltrude
Flung a rich scarf which bore her colors, thus
Proclaiming him her hero to the world.
"I would, dear son, I had aught else to give thee,
In sign of my paternal love and grace;

But I have given thee all in this sweet child!
 Yet, if thou hidest in thy heart a wish,
 Fear not to speak it freely—it is granted,
 If I have power to grant it." Thus at once
 The youthful knight gave answer to his words;
 "My lord and father, as I crossed the vale,
 I met a gray-haired shepherd, who of old,
 Was, in my days of humbleness, my friend;
 To him, when I forsook my hut, I gave
 My fleecy herd, in memory of our love.
 Now joyfully I greeted him: 'Good Hans,
 How farest thou?' Familiarly he answered,
 As in times past, 'Right well, beloved Gottsche;
 Thy sheep, too, have not suffered any harm.'
 Thereat I mused right deeply in my mind;
 And now methinks
 That lowly name, and those mine innocent sheep,
 Must be my crown of honor, not my shame.
 Therefore I pray you, for all future times
 Let these my rich possessions bear this name,
 This honorable name, 'The shepherd's kingdom!'
 Did not King David, he, a man of God,
 A king, in all his pomp and pageantry,
 Love to bethink him of his shepherd-youth?
 And why not I, a poor and humble knight?
 And certain am I, such humility
 Seems dear and gracious to my gentle bride—
 Speak, Adilrude!" In modest tenderness,
 For the first time, she proffered him her lips,
 Soft as a bursting rosebud. Joyfully
 The duke beheld, and thus, consenting, spake:
 "My son, thy words are right. By God's good will,
 On the firm base of this humility
 Thy house shall stand for many a century."

The aged prince's prophecy was true:

Firm stands the house of Gottschalk at this day;
 And from his wondrous race in honor grew

Full many an hero and full many a lay.
 But other bards their fame in song may tell;
 For me, my lute is sounding its farewell.
 Blüthe-hearted German heroes! ever be
 True to your God, in brave humility.

A Whim and its Consequences. In three volumes.
 London: Smith, Elder & Co., Cornhill. 1847.

WITH all its short-comings this is perhaps one of the best, if not *the* best, novel of the season. We know not why it should have been published anonymously, for the author need not be ashamed of his name. There is nothing new in the plot, but the characters are well drawn and the incidents made to succeed each other naturally. Without giving any analysis, we quote the opening chapter, which is quite out of the usual style of commencing a novel.

DEATH CHAMBER.—"A solitary room at midnight; a single candle lighted on the table; the stiff dull crimson silken curtains of the bed close drawn; half a dozen phials and two or three glasses. Is it the chamber of a sick man? He must sleep sound if it be, for there is no noise, not even a breath; and all without is as still as death. There is awe in the silence; the candle sheds gloom, not light, the damaak hanging sucks up the rays, and gives nothing back; they sink into the dark wood furniture; one could hear a mouse creep over the thick carpet; but there is no sound! Is it the chamber of the dead? But where is the watcher! Away! and what matters it here! No one will come to disturb the rest of that couch: no brawling voices, no creaking doors, will make vibrate the dull, cold ear of death. Watch ye the

living! the dead need no watching; the sealed eyes and the clayed ears have sleep that cannot be broken.

"But is it the watcher who comes back again through that slowly opening door! No, that is a man; and we give all the more sad and solemn tasks to women. A young man, too, with the broad, free brow gathered into a sad, stern frown. He comes near the bed; he draws slowly back the curtain; and, with the faint ray of the single candle streaming in, gazes down upon the sight beneath. There it lies, the clay—animate, breathing, thoughtful, full of feelings, considerations, passions, pangs, not six-and-thirty hours before. But now so silent, so calm, so powerfully grave; it seems to seize, in its very inertness, upon the busy thoughts of others, and chain them down to its own deadly tranquillity.

"It is the corpse of a man, passed the prime, not yet in the decline, of life. The hair is gray, not white; the skin somewhat wrinkled, but not shrivelled. The features are fine, but stern; and there is a deep furrow of a frown between the eyebrows, which even the pacifying hand of death has not been able to obliterate. He must have been a hard man, methinks. Yet how the living gazes on the dead! How earnestly—how tenderly! His eyes, too, fill with tears. There must have been some kindly act done, some tie of gratitude or affection between these two. It is very often that those who are stern, but just, win regard more long enduring, deeper-seated, more intense, than the blandishing, light-minded man of sweet and hollow courtesies.

"The tear overtops the eyelid, and falls upon the dark shooting-jacket; and then, bending down his head, he presses his lips upon the marble brow. A drop (of the heart's dew) will be found there in the morning; for there is no warmth in that cold forehead to dry it up.

"The curtains are closed again; the room is once more vacant of breath. The image of human life upon the table, that decreasing taper, gutters down with droppings like those of a petrifying spring. A spark of fire, like some angry passion of the heart, floats in the melted wax above, nourishing its flaming self by wasting that it dwells in. Then comes back the watcher, with bleared and vacant eyes, and lips that smell of brandy. She has sense enough yet to stop the prodigal consumer of her only companion of the night; and sitting down, she falls asleep in the presence of death, as if she were quite familiar with the grave, and had wandered amongst the multitudes that lie beneath." p. 1.—*Westminster Review*.

CURIOUS RESULTS OF VENTILATION.—In a weaving mill, near Manchester, where the ventilation was bad, the proprietor caused a fan to be mounted. The consequences soon became apparent in a curious manner. The operatives, little remarkable for olfactory refinement, instead of thanking their employer for his attention to their comfort and health, made a formal complaint to him that the ventilator had increased their appetites, and therefore entitled them to a corresponding increase of wages! By stopping the fan a part of the day the ventilation and voracity of the establishment were brought to a medium standard, and complaints ceased. The operatives' wages would but just support them, but any additional demands by their stomachs could only be answered by drafts upon their banks, which were by no means in a condition to answer them.

CHAPTER X.

THE TURTLE CLASS—MISS FLUKE ON PUNCH.

WHEN we entered the class-room, we found all the pupils assembled. All, too, were in full dress. "They think a turtle an illustrious visitor," was our belief, "and have resolved to do it all toilet honor." We admired, too, the rapidity of the change; in a very few minutes, many of the girls had turned morning into night—that is, had changed their early wrappers for evening silks and muslins. As for Fluke, she never looked so mischievously pretty.

Miss Griffin, with much dignity, unfolded Lady M'Thistle's letter, handing it to Corks. "You will be kind enough, Mr. Corks, to read her ladyship's missive in your *own* manner."

Corks smiled at the delicacy of the emphasis, and began his task. His intonation was sweetly impressive, conveying in the subtlest manner all the hopes and fears of Miss Caroline Ruffler into the bosoms of his hearers, and ending with the hymeneal triumph of Lady M'Thistle. As Miss Griffin afterwards observed to ourselves, "It was courtship and marriage set to the sweetest music." Two or three of the girls shed tears. Fluke, however, as usual, clapt her hands, and crowed a laugh. Miss Griffin was again shocked. "What would I give," she whispered to us, "if I could only see her weep! But she has no sensibility; and a woman without tears, what a defenceless creature she is!"

"Is the turtle to be brought in?" asked Carraways.

"Certainly; laid here upon the table," answered Miss Griffin. "As you have very properly observed, Mr. Corks, the presence of the turtle itself may sharpen the sagacity and assist the imagination of the young ladies."

"Assuredly," answered Corks. "They may see in it the future alderman—the lord mayor—the husband in civic robes—the show on the 9th of November—the Easter ball—and the drawing-room at court. Turtle, truly considered, ladies"—said Corks—"has great associations."

"And, ladies," said Miss Griffin, "I trust that the letter, so beautifully read by Mr. Corks, will convince you of the utility of what I have ever called cosmopolitan cookery. In this, our harlequin-colored life, who knows to what far land your fate may call you? The first Mandarin of the first peacock's feather—the Sultan of both the Turkey—the Emperor of Morocco—each may be caught by his national dish; even as Caroline caught Sir Alexander: and therefore no young woman's education can be thought complete, who has not made, I may say it, a Cook's voyage round about the globe."

At this moment Blossoms, assisted by the housemaid, bore in the turtle, and laid it on its back upon the table.

"What an ugly thing!" cried Miss Fluke.

"Pardon me, dear young lady," said Corks, looking affectionately at the turtle, "but, properly thought of, nothing in the whole expanse of nature is ugly. When I think of the soup dormant—I should say latent—in that magnificent piece of helplessness, I could bow to it."

"Now, ladies, if you please," said Miss Griffin, "we will suppose you married."

"Yes, ma'am," cried Fluke, very vivaciously.

"You will wait your turn, Miss Fluke," was the icy response; and Miss Griffin continued. "You

have a turtle presented to you. Ladies"—and Miss Griffin elevated her voice—"you are to consider that a turtle has entered your house. How will you dispose of it? What would be your first act?"

"Hang him up by the fore paws," said Miss Palmer, with some hesitation.

"By the hinder legs," cried Miss Candytuft, with great rapidity.

"Very good; by the hinder legs," said Miss Griffin. "Take her down, Miss Candytuft;" and Miss Palmer was taken down. "Well, we have the turtle hanging by his hinder legs—what next?"

"Coax him, that he may n't draw in his neck," said Miss Barker, "and then"—and she smacked her lips—"and then cut off his head."

"You cruel animal!" cried Miss Fluke.

"Silence, Miss Fluke; Miss Barker is quite correct," said Miss Griffin; "cut off his head is perfectly right. No false sensibility, if you please. Well, the turtle's head is off. Go on."

It was Miss Winter's turn, who timidly proceeded. "Cut off his fins; divide his yellow plush—"

"Callipash!" exclaimed Miss Winks.

"Take her down," said Miss Griffin. "Yellow-plush with a turtle! How do you think you'll get through the world? Go on, Miss Green."

"Divide the callipash from the filagree—"

"Callapee!" shrieked Miss Jones.

"Of course: you will go down, Miss Green," said Griffin. "After the pains, too, that I have taken! What will your parents say to me? Go on, Miss Baker."

"Break the bones and put 'em into a saucepan—take beef and veal bones—herbs, mace, and—"

"Why, Miss Baker, you've got from real turtle to mock," cried Miss Griffin.

"Had I, ma'am?" asked Miss Baker, too innocent to know the difference.

"But I see," said Miss Griffin, with a struggle for resignation, "I see the examination is premature. As yet, turtle goes quite over your heads. None of you can reach it." Here Miss Fluke giggled. "But perhaps, Miss Fluke," said Griffin, with blighting sarcasm—"I wrong your intelligence. Perhaps you can dress a turtle."

"No, ma'am," said Fluke; "don't know that I can, ma'am, quite. But if you please, ma'am, I think I know all about the punch that's to be drunk with it."

"Oh, indeed!" said the cold Miss Griffin.

"Yes, ma'am;" and Fluke for a moment took a long breath. "Yes, ma'am. Two large lemons—rough skins—ripe; ripe as love, ma'am." Miss Griffin started, but was silent. "Sugar, large lumps; introduce sugar to skins of lemons—rub hard, as though you liked it. Drop lumps into bowl; drop, like dew-drops, lemon-juice. Squeeze lemon upon sugar; and mix as for lasting friendship. Mix with boiling water, hot as vengeance!"

"Miss Fluke!" cried the governess.

"Soft water's best. Pour in rum blindfold, as you can't pour too much," said Fluke.

"Did you ever hear such principles?" exclaimed Miss Griffin.

"Ice, and drink with turtle," said Fluke, and she folded her arms with a sense of achieved greatness.

"Did you ever hear the like—and from such a girl, too?" cried Miss Griffin.

"The recipe is not quite correct," said Corks; and then his face was sunned with the blindest smile—"not quite correct. But we may pardon a few errors, where there is so much enthusiasm."

PARLIAMENTARY PLEDGES AND THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

A meeting of delegates from the married women of England took place yesterday, in the drawing-room of a distinguished authoress; the lady herself occupying the chair. The object of the assembly was to determine upon the pledges which the ladies should exact from candidates at the forthcoming election.

The lady of the house, upon being voted into the chair remarked that now, for the first time in her life, she was acting in the capacity of chairwoman. As such, she would prove the advocate of sweeping reform. It was time that the voice of females should be heard in the house—in another sense than on washing days. Women could not catechize candidates at the hustings; no; but they could at the domestic hearth—before the fender—when gentlemen came canvassing, and voters were not at home. It was said that they had no political influence. Had they not? They formed the better half of the constituency, and she trusted that fact would appear at the next election.

A lady had heard of a measure of great importance to females, particularly the married. It was the Smoke Prevention Bill. The evil of smoking existed to a disgusting extent. She proposed that all candidates should be required to pledge themselves to the abolition of that odious practice, and accordingly to support a prohibitory duty on cigars.

Another lady suggested that snuff should be included in the prohibition. The smoke-nuisance was bad enough, but the snuff-nuisance was beyond everything.

A third lady observed that unfortunately the law-makers were the snuff-takers, and also the smokers of cigars. She had heard that parliamentary discussions—like many others amongst gentlemen—often ended in smoke, and she quite believed it. It was shameful.

A fourth lady had heard something of a Ten Hours' Bill. She had been told that this bill had been carried already, but she did not believe it. She could mention somebody—who ought to have known better—who came home from his club at three o'clock that very morning. When she told him he was liable to be fined, he laughed in her face. One of the pledges, she proposed, should be to vote for a law that all husbands should be obliged to be in by ten o'clock.

This proposal led to a little discussion, in the course of which it was objected that the husband might possibly be out on business.

The lady said a husband could have no business to be out later than ten. It was further objected that parties and the opera were sometimes not over till past midnight.

The lady thought that the difficulty would be met by putting in the words, "out by themselves," before the word "husband." She thought the Ten Hours' Bill should also contain a clause against latch-keys.

Pledges for the entire abolition of all duties on eau de Cologne, French gloves and shoes, foreign silks, lace, and feathers; and generally, for the removal of all restrictions upon feminine taste, were then proposed; and it was agreed that, together with the foregoing, they should be demanded directly or indirectly, of all candidates for seats in the next Parliament.

Tea, coffee, and sweet-biscuits, were then intro-

duced, and the drawing-room doors thrown open to the sterner sex; after which there was a carpet-waltz, and the meeting separated.

THE HEALTH OF TOWNS; IN A COLLOQUY BETWEEN THE INVALIDS.

Says Leeds to Nottingham, "Ah! how d'y'e do?"
 "So, so," says Nottingham, "and how are you?"
 Says Leeds, "I'm with an epidemic troubled, And fear my hospitals must soon be doubled."
 "How 's Liverpool?" says Manchester. "Oh dear!"
 Says Liverpool, "I'm going fast, I fear; I'm with contagion positively teeming, And you, I think, are very poorly seeming."
 "I am," says Manchester, "extremely ailing; In all my quarters typhus is prevailing. And how is Birmingham?" "I'm doing badly," Says Birmingham; "my breathing plagues me sadly;

I sometimes almost fear my heart's cessation; I know what 's killing me—bad ventilation. How are you, London, rolling in your wealth?"
 "Alas!" says London, "money is n't health. 'Tis true I roll in wealth, as in a flood, But, also, I'm compelled to roll in mud. My cesspools, sinks, and sewers are neglected, Hence by all kinds of ailments I'm affected: I'm devastated by a host of fevers, Which rage in Spitalfields amongst my weavers. In Clerkenwell, and Houndsditch, and about My filthy ward of Farringdon Without, Measles and small-pox—spite of vaccination—Are thinning fast my crowded population; Consumption, too, for want of air and water, Amid my denizens spreads wholesale slaughter. Then I've pneumonia, pleurisy, gastritis, Mumps and marasmus, jaundice, enteritis. Forth from my reeking courts and noisome alleys Breaks fatal pestilence in frequent sallies; Lurking meanwhile, like fire in smouldering embers I've erysipelas about my members. My children, too, have ricketty affections, And strumous constitutions and complexions. I'm always ill, in every kind of weather: In fact, I've all your ailments put together. Of physis I despair: I want ablation; My system needs a thorough revolution— At least, a very sweeping reformation, Not only of my streets, but corporation." Quoth all the other towns, "That 's our condition; We want the scavenger—not the physician."

[The tail-piece to the above was a scavenger, sweeping out death and drugs.]

BREAD VERSUS BULLETS.—The Americans having nobly supplied food for the Irish, we shall look at their flag with increased respect. Their stripes shall be to us significant of a gridiron, and their stars of sugared buns. Glad are we to find that the American subscriptions have been so nobly acknowledged in the House of Commons. These thanks for bread will go far to keep bullets out of fashion. *The Indian Meal Book* is, to our mind, a much more delightful volume than any *History of the American War*; and the directions therein written for the composition of hominy-cakes and slap-jacks, far better than any talk of red-coat tactics. Bombs have had their day; let us henceforth try buns; and wherever America has battered our ships, let her, for all time to come, batter our frying pans. To paraphrase the poem, "Brown Johnny-cakes is in—Congreve-rockets is out."

